The Nation.

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The Week.

The Czar's response to the zemstvo petition is more generous than might have been expected. On the subject of a parliament he is silent; no other course, in fact, could be looked for at present. On every other count the Czar meets his petitioners half way, admitting the justice of their appeal, and promising the gradual working out of the required reforms. A mere enumeration of the eight heads of the proclamation will exhibit its amazingly liberal temper. The Czar approves equal administration of law for all classes, extension of local self-government, unification of judicial procedure, factory laws, modification of the notorious condemnation by administrative process, religious toleration, freer passport regulations, reasonable freedom of the press. How, in the face of this roster of promises, some American editors continue to interpret the ukase as a check to the reform movement, baffles all ordinary ingenuity. For the case must be judged not so much by the actual laws that may be promulgated in the next few months as by the effect the edict will have permanently upon reformers in Russia. That a constitution should be granted at the request of the first national assembly was beyond even the wildest expectations. In fact, it was freely predicted that Prince Mirsky's Congress would receive an open rebuff, on the ground that their proceedings were virtually seditious. As things stand, the recent convention finds the major part of its programme approved, and thus there is given every encouragement for other reform assemblies to renew the work so auspiciously begun.

Yet one should not rashly assume that the Czar is fully committed to the inferences which will be drawn from his response. He knows well that freedom of movement and education for the peasants—as planned in M. de Witte's report—cannot be suspended when they begin to be troublesome to autocracy. He realizes undoubtedly that successful local governments will emphasize the desirability of a parliament, that free transit of foreigners means the spread of liberal ideas, and that liberty for the press involves the awaking of the people to political self-consciousness. Upon these consequences of his action the Czar can hardly look with equanimity. Indeed, one may believe that he has yielded rather to the pressure of a disastrous and unpopular war than to any personal zeal for reform. The fears of a Plehve may play a considerable part in his decision along with the generous hopes of a Witte or Mirsky. But, willingly or unwillingly, the word is said, and Nicholas II. stands openly committed to the views of his liberal ministers. Under easier conditions he may be tempted to listen again to the reactionaries, but he cannot decree forgetfulness of the hope he has himself held out to his people.

"Corollaries of the Monroe Doctrine" depend altogether upon person and place. It was, for example, long held in Europe as an unquestioned corollary of the Doctrine that the United States should keep its fingers out of the Old World pie. Hence, when Uncle Sam suddenly appeared as the boastful owner of the Philippines, *Punch* asked him quizzically, "Any relation of the late Col Monroe?" But the corollary which Mr. Root dwelt upon at the New England dinner on Thursday night related to this continent, and to our duty to make all American republics "just." He declared that the correlative of saying Hands off to foreign Powers was saying ourselves Hands on. We cannot, he affirmed, justly assert the Monroe Doctrine "unless we also say that the American republics are themselves to be just." Easily said, but no one knows better than a lawyer and statesman like Mr. Root that there is no harder question to answer than "What is justice?" It is immensely more difficult than "What is truth?" Jesting Pilate asked that question, but did not stay for an answer. We would gladly wait for Mr. Root to explain what he means by the American republics being compelled by us to be just. Is the quality of justice strained? Can a people be filled with the spirit of justice at the same time that they are with cannon shot? Do we mean that the republics to the south of us will be just when they do just what we order? Such are the puzzles which confront us when we begin wandering among corollaries of the Monroe Doctrine.

Rumblings at Washington indicate that Venezuela is to be the first material in the great experiment of "making American republics just." The President is represented as being exceedingly "impatient" over the course of government in Venezuela; and everybody knows that there is nothing like an impatient temper as a preliminary to a lofty act of international justice. We have altered the proverb, so as to make it read, *Indignatio facit justitiam*. The details of Venezuela's great offending are a trifle vague. We read that her customs revenue is falling below the estimates. If that, however, were a heinous crime, Secretary Shaw knows who would have to flee the officers of justice. For a nation with a big deficit to coerce another because it has a little one, would, we fear, make the world laugh instead of stand in awe. There is also complaint that the high courts of Venezuela interpret and apply the law of their own land, completely ignoring the domestic laws of the United States. This is said to be an outrage, and they are all honorable men who affirm it. The case being thus strong, we think it a mistake to drag in anything about asphalt concessions and the Asphalt Trust. That is to incur the risk of defilement with what the melancholy Philadelphia bankers used to call "pitch"—probably because their money so hopelessly stuck to the asphalt securities. Man or nation that sets about making another "just," must be sure of justice in the party of the first part. Even the Big Stick would not look pretty all dripping with asphalt.

Secretary Hay washes his hands of the Hague Conference with an excellent good grace. Recalling without rancor the unwillingness of Russia to be represented at The Hague and the qualified adhesion of Japan, he congratulates himself upon the cordial response President Roosevelt's invitation met from all other Powers. With these preliminaries he regards the incident as temporarily closed, and is content to "let the future conduct of the affair follow the normal channels." Such is the rather disappointing conclusion of Mr. Roosevelt's gallant appeal for peace. That it has been wasted, we decline to believe. The subjects of neutrality and of contraband need as much as ever to be threshed out. They have, as Mr. Hay pertinently remarked, been thoroughly advertised by the abortive attempt to reassemble the Hague Congress. Meantime, several decisions by Russian prize courts will serve as valuable precedents when the matter finally does come up. So President Roosevelt need not regret in any way his magnanimous project of calling a peace conference in the midst of the greatest war of recent times.

To thank the President for a Supreme Court decision may be only a recognition of the activities of the Attorney-General's office in the case. Or, again, it may be merely a courtesy of the Japanese kind which acknowledges that all victories are due to the "puissance of the Emperor." But it is shrewdly to be suspected that Chief Hanrahan of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who last week congratulated Mr. Roosevelt on the successful termination of the coupler case, really believed that the Su-

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preme Court had settled the matter in favor of the brakeman in order to please a President who wants a "square deal" for all. Be this as it may, Mr. Roosevelt has done nothing to discourage the impression that he is the "whole thing," and if we hear of appeals to him to help in discovering lost children, why, after all, should he not be pictured as whispering humane opinions to complacent sitters upon the Supreme Court bench? Such a view of the Presidential office is but an exaggeration of that neo-Federalism into which we are driving deeper every day.

Gen. Wood has discovered that the Filipino soldiers are too well fed. He reports that they do not work so well on Uncle Sam's generous rations as when they had only a little fish and rice to eat. This may be proper matter for a military report, but it reflects unconsciously the true Imperialist point of view. The chief end of the natives is to work for their conquerors—or to be "worked" by them. This doctrine was set forth with all innocence by the London *Morning Post* recently, in discussing the labors of missionaries among the Kaffirs. Might not Christianity disincline them to work? Hard labor was the real blessing for them, and beside it "a knowledge of spiritual technicalities" was unimportant, gravely said this organ of British Imperialists. And then, with delicious inability to perceive its own humor, it added that the missionaries ought to be warned that "what they preach about religion is readily applied to politics by the half-educated Kaffir." The implication is, of course, that the fully educated Englishman keeps his religion and his politics severely apart.

As Miss Alice M. Robertson pointed out in a late discussion of the movement for inserting a prohibition clause in the enabling act when Congress authorizes the admission of Indian Territory, either as a separate State or in company with Oklahoma, it is not an attempt "to bring in prohibition where there is liquor," but "simply to continue prohibition where it now exists." To the testimony of the newly appointed postmistress at Muskogee may be added that of Capt. A. S. McKennon, one of the original "Dawes Commission," and the observation of Mr. Bonaparte. What is being urged upon the Senate now by the Indian Rights Association is that an amendment be added to the bill which has already passed the House, reserving Federal jurisdiction in this matter for ten years, or until satisfactory local laws shall be enacted. Lacking such an amendment, Government control in Indian Territory will cease after March 4, 1906. It is but scant justice to include such a provision in the enabling act; agreements made between the various tribes and the United States in 1897, 1898, and 1902 contain positive guarantees of perpetual prohibition of the sale of liquor.

All the peculiarities of the Wisconsin Republican situation did not disappear on election day. A United States Senator is to be elected this winter if possible. The Stalwarts—"National Republicans," as they were called on the ballot—who fought the direct primary tooth and nail in the campaign, now demand that the new primary law shall go into effect at once in the choice of a successor to Mr. Quarles. The Senator himself has gone so far as to file nomination papers under La Follette's law. Meanwhile, the Governor's adherents, who have now won their four years' fight for direct nominations, are prepared to choose their Senator this year by the old plan of a legislative caucus. The reason for the reversal of positions is plain enough. Quarles cannot possibly be chosen by the caucus, while he might conceivably have a plurality in the primary. There are about 50,000 Stalwarts—that number, at least, was about Peck's lead over Parker, and Roosevelt's over La Follette, in the State. There are more than 220,000 La Follette Republicans. If they should split between four or five candidates, and some should favor Quarles on personal grounds, there would at least be hope. Gov. La Follette himself was bound to remain at his post so long as the reforms for which he stood were still to be fought for. But to-day all have been put through, except for a railroad-rate commission bill, and the Legislature will not oppose him this year. One of the obvious possibilities is a deadlock on the Senatorship, lasting until the rate bill becomes law. Then it might be that the Governor would feel freer to enter the national arena at the call of his party.

Connecticut Republican politicians will be as indignant as Lord Melbourne at the attempt of the Rev. Dr. Smyth of New Haven, and other clergymen, to make religion appear to have a bearing on public life. These impertinent ministers are organizing a movement among the churches to secure a worthy United States Senator in succession to Hawley. They have the impudence to assert that neither of the two candidates before the Legislature, Fessenden and Bulkeley, is fit to represent the State. It is not, with them, a question of being happy with either were t'other away, but of being disgusted with both, and of feeling that Connecticut is disgraced by being shut up to a choice between two such men. Dr. Smyth and his brother-clergymen are, of course, in for grave rebuke for "meddling," and for "bringing the Church into disrespect." But we suspect they know their own business. If religion is to sit by without lifting a finger when corruptionists are put forward for public honors, she will soon not only despise herself, but be despised of all men. The Connecticut example is one for other States to follow. There is no interstate commerce law forbidding its transit across the New York boundary.

Election day in Colorado was a mere preliminary to the fight between the two parties this year. The Governorship is to be bestowed, apparently, not on the candidate for whom the largest number of votes was deposited in the ballot-boxes, but for the one who is able to have the largest number of votes for his opponent thrown out as fraudulent. The two sides, however, are using entirely different weapons. When a Democrat has been implicated in election frauds, he is punished for contempt of court, while the Republican charged with identical practices is indicted in the regular way and held for trial. If this is to be regarded as a contest of efficiency between the two methods, government by injunction is badly beaten. A recent census shows that in Denver only eighteen Democratic election officers are in jail for violating the Supreme Court's extraordinary order, while in Pueblo no less than thirty Republican workers are under indictment by the grand jury. The throwing out of five precincts in Denver cuts down Adams's 11,000 plurality considerably. The face of the returns in them showed 1,386 Democratic to 339 Republican votes. It is said that the same action will be asked by the Republicans in three more precincts. One of the most peculiar features is that the Democrats are barred from taking the case into the Federal courts because the court did not interfere with the vote of the disputed precincts for Presidential electors. It appears to have decided, in effect, that precincts too corrupt to be allowed to affect the election for Governor were nevertheless fit to take part in the choice of a President.

Commissioner Pallas's advertisements in front of the Public Library must go. Judge Scott has found the contract to be beyond the Commissioner's powers and illegal. The decision is important, because it may cover many other cases in the borderland of law. Judge Scott emphasized the fact that the parks existed for certain well-defined beneficial purposes, none of which was furthered by the letting of advertising space. Accordingly, "the Commissioner had no authority, either by the express terms of any statute or by any reasonable implication, to grant a license for the exhibition of advertisements." The Court further held that the facts that the surface thus let was a temporary fence, and that the contract provided revenue for the city,

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altered in no way the essential illegality of the act. The case is further interesting because it was won on a taxpayer's suit brought by Mr. Calvin Tomkins, president of the Municipal Art Society. His good success shows that substantial redress for official negligence and wrongdoing may be more quickly and easily secured than is generally imagined. And while the decision is a precedent only for park advertising, it is impossible not to see its inferential relations to the matter of Subway advertising.

With the reappearance of the Biondi case in the courts, we have a very interesting case of implied contract. Biondi held from the late director of the Metropolitan Museum an agreement to exhibit the now famous group, "The Saturnalia." This colossal bronze was shown privately, and the trustees declared that it was unsuitable for exhibition; so it was withdrawn from the statuary hall, and Signor Biondi was offered an indemnity for the expense occasioned by the contretemps. He declined this indignantly, and, holding that he had a formal contract with the representative of the museum, sued for damages. The affair is of a mixed sort, and a decision might bring into the realm of law a class of transactions usually conducted informally. In fact, the business aspect of loans to museums might well tax the acumen of any judge, for it must be admitted that a museum gives a quite tangible return for the temporary possession of rare works of art. Often a timely loan saves a collector considerable sums for storage and insurance, while the publicity given to his art treasures increases their potential value at a sale. But it is a question whether these incidental advantages are in any sense a part of the contract. They cannot be estimated accurately, nor are they ever paid for expressly. It seems, then, that in accepting a loan a museum is merely offering a facility not promising a service; and that the lender, again, is merely doing a courtesy, and not rendering a service for valuable consideration. In short, it seems that agreements of this sort quite lack the quality of true contracts, and fall under the class of gentlemen's agreements.

The petition for a paid football coach, signed by fifty-four Harvard graduates, contains sentiments that, from gentlemen of their dignity, erudition, and love of learning, are surprising: "We would rather see football discontinued than see Harvard continuously represented by teams that might have won, but do not win." The object, then, of football is merely to beat Yale. We had supposed hitherto that college athletics had their chief justification in their incentive to physical exercise and a wholesome life. What becomes of all those disinterested college presidents and professors who have assured us that football is the mightiest moral agency of the present generation? What becomes of those fervid speeches ending in *mens sana in corpore sano?* What becomes of the conviction that the self-restraint exercised by the football player is a sublime lesson to undergraduates? What becomes of the theory that the football field is our finest school of manly strength and of all the cardinal virtues? Would football cease to confer these priceless benefits upon Harvard even if Yale continued to win forever? Is not the exercise as good when Harvard is defeated? Is there not the same splendid opportunity to exhibit self-restraint? Has this "magnificent sport" suddenly become brutal and tricky because Harvard cannot succeed at it? Will a paid coach and a succession of Harvard victories restore the game to divine favor and invoke upon the players the blessings of heaven?

Imperial Federationists will welcome the report that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is committed to the project of a Canadian navy. But if these ships were already patrolling the two coasts of the Dominion, the real problem of sharing in the work of Imperial defence would be little nearer a solution. In fact, all plans of this sort are highly abstract. They rest upon the sense that it is unfair that the colonies, which enjoy the protection of England's military and naval establishment, should contribute little or nothing to its support. But is there really any practical remedy in sight? Colonial sentiment would be strong against direct contributions to the naval and military budget. In Canada it was impossible to get Parliament even to pay the expenses of the contingent of troops sent to the South African war. On the other hand, any contribution to Imperial defence that is indirect is largely valueless. For example, a tiny Canadian navy and half-a-dozen similar fleets, none of which, presumably, could constitute a serious fighting line, would do very little to strengthen the British navy. At most, it would relieve a few cruisers from their customary round. To amalgamate these separate colonial squadrons in time of war would be a vexatious matter; good fleets are not made in that way. In fact, no really business-like apportionment of expense for Imperial defence seems possible short of a visionary pan-British Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist speeches avail at least to bring out the sordid and socialistic nature of his doctrine. In a foreigner, we can always see a vice more clearly than in ourselves. Our own high-tariff orators bamboozle us freely, but we see through Mr. Chamberlain with ease. In his latest deliverance at East London, he went further than ever in promising a millennium under a protectionist régime. All he wanted was to give every British workman employment all the year round at higher wages, and a customs duty was the true magic to do the trick. With rare magnanimity, Mr. Chamberlain asked only for the votes of those who did not think they were "as well off as they ought to be," and who were not ready to admit that "their condition cannot be improved." In other words, every discontented or greedy man Mr. Chamberlain claimed as his own. Like another Jack Cade, he bids his followers "be brave, for your captain is brave and vows reformation"; nor does he forget to add: "All shall eat and drink on my score."

No little stir has been created in Germany by the announcement of the discontinuance on January first of the *National Zeitung*, long one of the most influential organs of public opinion in that country. Writing in the Berlin *Nation* on this "regrettable ending" of so valuable a journal, Dr. Theodor Barth declares that the event would not have attracted so much attention if it were not in a sense typical. There are many other newspapers, particularly those of a political cast, he says, which are on the verge of dissolution, or which can be carried on only with heavy losses and increasing difficulties. The old idea that a newspaper is a sort of pulpit from which certain fixed theories are taught and fundamental principles of art, politics, and literature are defended, is becoming outgrown, Dr. Barth concludes. The desire to influence the minds of the public has been displaced by the wish to make every possible cent out of the sale of a print-covered piece of paper. "Along with the cigarette guaranteed free from nicotine and the wine which is without alcohol, we have the newspaper which is guiltless of any convictions." On the other hand, the Socialist newspapers offer examples of journals which have particular doctrines to teach, and which, so far from reflecting the views of the capitalists, are often supported by collections among day-laborers. The continued influence of Dr. Barth's own weekly, as well as the unusual success of that political free-lance, Maximilian Harden, editor of the weekly *Zukunft*, show that the man of ability who has opinions to express can still find his audience. And it must be noted that in Vienna Dr. Singer's liberal *Zeit* has grown from a struggling weekly into a strong and widely read daily. Finally, the commercialized newspaper and the newspaper trust have not yet been with us long enough to make their lasting financial success certain.

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THE GARFIELD PLAN.

There is no good reason why the first report of Mr. James A. Garfield of the Bureau of Corporations should be received with either ecstasy or terror. It is a sober document, telling a plain tale. It describes a condition which all honest men deplore, and suggests a remedy which rational men will discuss without falling into hysterics. Mr. Garfield does not profess to have found the philosopher's stone of the Trust question. His report is simply a modest but careful piece of work, bristling with statistics and fortified by legal citation, which forcibly calls attention to the need of doing something to regulate corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and propounds a method of going to work to do it. His plan is eminently one to be debated in calmness like his own. What are its merits? What are its defects?

First among its good points we place its advance over the earlier crude notion of President Roosevelt, that the one thing needful was to discriminate delicately between "good" and "bad" Trusts. The former were to be given the Executive blessing; the latter to be put under the ban. But this was the dictum of a sentimental social reformer. Mr. Garfield is a lawyer, and knows that law must deal with overt acts, not with the hidden soul. Accordingly, his classifications are legal, not moral. He would not have Congress or the President undertake to read the hearts of men carrying on commerce between the States, or to scrutinize their motives, but would have laws drafted to cover all corporations in a given class. This is the practical spirit of the lawmaker, as opposed to the vague longings of a millennial dreamer, and as such is to be welcomed. We shall hear no more of fanciful distinctions between good and bad Trusts. The one question for all is, Do they or do they not violate the law?

Another high merit of the scheme of control advocated by Commissioner Garfield is that it is presumptively Constitutional. The proposal to compel corporations doing an interstate business, or engaged in foreign commerce, to take out a Federal license seems to fall under the broad grant of power to Congress to "regulate" interstate and foreign commerce. Congress may impose such conditions as it chooses. It may tax at will. Whether wise or not, the plan is apparently lawful. It is not one of those happy-thought improvisations which collapse under the weight of legal precedent and Constitutional guarantees. To compel corporations to obtain a Federal charter would be doubtfully constitutional; but to make them submit to a kind of franchise tax, as a preliminary to the right to conduct interstate or foreign commerce, is seemingly within the powers granted to Congress. It is something to get a plan which does not at once dash its brains out against the wall of the Constitution, or does not depend upon that almost impossible thing, the adoption of a Constitutional amendment.

But while thus praising Mr. Garfield for sticking so closely to what is within Congressional power, we are by no means so confident as he appears to be of Congressional wisdom. His plan is only an outline. It scarcely touches details. Yet in matters of this kind details are everything. The Commissioner of Corporations affirms that a statute enacting his ideas would have to cover such diverse and difficult topics as "offering securities to the general public"; "affecting labor conditions in two or more States"; "affecting prices of goods or raw materials in two or more States"; as well as "lack of personal responsibility of managers, improper use of stock as a kind of currency, lack of proper publicity as to terms of organization, over-capitalization, etc." It is a formidable list. Before Congress gets through the whole of it, and frames each item nicely into a general law, we think a good deal of water will have flowed under the bridge. The license to do business is to be granted, or sold, only when certain "requirements" are met; but the entire *crux* lies in formulating those requirements.

Supposing that Congress finally lays them down in a comprehensive statute, other difficulties will immediately arise. Mr. Garfield frankly admits as much. His eyes are not shut to the means of legal evasion. Corporations may form subsidiary or holding companies in all the States where they desire to operate. Most serious obstacle of all, the courts may intervene to limit the application of the law or defeat its intent by judicial decision. The Commissioner confesses that the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Knight case (156 U. S., 1) is "apparently opposed" to the proposition that Congress may grant a "power to produce" as a means of effectively regulating interstate commerce. Into this legal question it is not for us to go. The Supreme Court, as now constituted, might modify the principle laid down in the Knight case, which was, for the rest, very narrowly defined, and could not be extended beyond the actual facts therein involved. But it is evident that judicial review may be looked to, in all this matter, as a remedy for demonstrated injustice; while if it is a question, as some excited commentators assert, of extinguishing overnight the rights of forty-five States, why, there are the delegates of those States in the United States Senate to prevent that outrage.

That the public mind in this country is feeling after some kind of national control of corporations which are national in their activities, we think no intelligent observer will dispute. Commissioner Garfield does not overstate the general dissatisfaction with existing laws and practices. Some corrective will be applied, and we must cast about to find one that is both just and efficient. Merely as an aid in this quest, the Garfield report is of great value. It contains no panacea. It will not save Congress the need of racking its brain to hit upon the best method. Tremendous labor will have to be done before a practical scheme of Federal control of corporations is worked out into a law able to run the gantlet of the courts. But Commissioner Garfield has collected materials and suggested a procedure which will lighten the toil of others; and his plan should be sensibly considered and, if possible, perfected by sensible men.

THE PAINS OF ECONOMY.

A condition, not a theory, is confronting the Administration at Washington, and it is "the condition of the Treasury." Every day's dispatches multiply evidence of the worry which it is causing. There are many determined utterances about keeping down the appropriations, but, as Mark Twain said of talk about the bad weather, "in spite of it all, nothing is done." Yes, something is done. In a burst of retrenching heroism, it has been decided to cut out of the army bill the $3,000,000, or so, which "the annual manœuvres" cost. This will be hard on the foreign military attachés, who will now have to go elsewhere to make their education in the art of war complete. There are also rumors that the River and Harbor bill must be kept small if it is to escape a Presidential veto. A limit of $20,000,000 is said to have been fixed. Consequently, the committee will report a bill carrying only $12,000,000, knowing that it will infallibly be log-rolled up to $20,000,000 at least.

In all this rather ineffectual talk about being rigidly economical, the idea crops out again and again that it is really impossible for a Government to economize. Nor is it alone our own rulers who confess themselves helpless. The fated increase of public expenses is the theme of publicists and finance ministers in all countries. Recurring deficits make no difference. They call for new loans, or new taxes, never for a severe cutting down of the bills. Baron von Stengel informed the Reichstag that Germany's financial outlook was "dismal"—he would have to borrow $70,000,000 to get on at all; yet he was confident that any reduction of expenditures was out of the question. Similarly, Austen Chamberlain, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and M. Rouvier, Finance Minister of France, report mounting outlay, but argue from it, not the need of pruning estimates, but of levying added taxes.

Now, why is it that there are no steps backward from the lion's den of public

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extravagance? In private life, a man whose affairs are embarrassed does not argue (unless he is a fool) that he cannot possibly lower his expenses; that all the luxuries to which he has been accustomed he simply has to have. He gives up his carriage, dismisses superfluous servants. It is only all-powerful governments that are not strong enough to retrench. The reason is largely political. Democracy has its way of fastening leeches upon the Treasury as surely as any Grand Monarque. The total appropriations represent legislation for a multitude of diverse political interests; all of them possessed of more or less power, and each of them ready to resent any diminution of its meat, in due season. They gather, in body or in spirit, about the President and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Chairmen of the Appropriations Committees, and say: "You propose to cut down expenses, do you? You want to abolish sinecures, cut off unnecessary clerkships, and dry up the usual flow of public money into our districts? Well, what we ask is how you expect to carry elections or get a majority in Congress for your pet measures if you treat us that way?"

Economy is not joyous, but grievous. Yet it is not so absolutely beyond the reach of public administrators as we are told. If they were both frank and resolute, they could effect savings. They must, it is true, have a mind above the taunt of cheese-paring. It is better to pare the cheese than let the mice devour it. Many a paring makes a cheese. But the most important thing for those responsible for the Treasury to remember is that it is policy which fixes expenditure, and that the true way to be economical is to modify or abandon extravagant policies.

The glaring policy of extravagance at Washington to-day is that of the big navy. This is dimly perceived by the Republican leaders desirous of keeping the deficit from looking offensively corpulent. At their gathering in a House committee room the other day, to discuss ways and means of keeping down the appropriations, one of them said bluntly to the Chairman of the Naval Committee, "What is the use of the rest of us trying to save? Every dollar of our economies will instantly be swallowed up by your greedy committee." The truth in this is making its way, we are glad to see, and it is announced that a decided effort is to be made to hold the naval appropriations far below the estimates.

The result will be looked for with interest. It will furnish an excellent test of the President's sincerity in his avowed desire for economy. There can be no sound reason for spending on the navy to-day three times or four times as much as we did six years ago. The huge increase proclaims either pure luxury or justified alarm. But there is not a cloud on our international horizon. The President himself glories in our peaceful relations with all the great Powers. Arbitration treaties all round bespeak the happiest state of affairs. War with England is unthinkable, and with France or Germany almost equally so. But no other nation has a navy with which ours is not more than adequate to cope. The proposed new battleships are not necessary, and, with a big deficit staring us in the face, should be cut out of the bill as the superfluity most easily dispensed with. Mr. Dooley may be right in saying that President Roosevelt interprets the simple life to mean a tremendous navy, but economy certainly does not mean it.

THE SENTIMENT TO WHICH LAWSON APPEALS.

The professional financiers who are indiscriminately lumped together in the term "Wall Street" are unable to comprehend the popular interest in Thomas W. Lawson's articles on "frenzied finance." On the other hand, the unsophisticated millions who devour these lurid tales of greed and gold, are indignant that anybody should speak cynically or flippantly of a truly penitent stock-jobber. Your banker or insurance-company president dismisses Lawson with the contemptuous comment that whatever in his stories is true has long been known, and that what is new is false. "Lawson," they say, "is obviously a blackguard; he confesses to complicity in swindling operations; he is possibly a blackmailer. Let him pass." But he still remains an obstinate fact to be reckoned with. More than one sincere communication has reached us deploring our lack of faith in the heroic Lawson. "He is doing a good work in his own way," they plead; "the least you can do is to respect his motives and let him alone."

This popular view of Lawson has its roots in certain large social and political sentiments that are but dimly apprehended in that part of Manhattan Island lying south of City Hall. Our complacent capitalists have heard faintly and from far off the wild talk of Populists and Socialists about the money devil; but they set this down as the raving of ignorance and hysteria. The Populists and Socialists, however, have simply formulated into a political creed and voiced from the platform an unrest and distrust widespread among laborers, farmers, shopkeepers, and persons of narrow incomes throughout the country. These men and women have seen our captains of industry accumulate enormous fortunes with a speed which is to them inexplicable except on the plausible theory of dishonesty. These plain people know that stocks are watered in the most shameless fashion in enterprises that remain solvent; and that the most barefaced swindling has been practised in bankrupt ventures like the Shipbuilding Trust—to cite one example from a thousand. Poor men and women have put their slow savings into companies presumably directed by men of intelligence and probity—the Amalgamated Copper, for instance—and have seen their petty provision for the future disappear in a night. Somebody has got away with that money; nobody is prosecuted by our fearless district attorneys. The question of the duped and enraged investor is, "Who is the thief?" Lawson is ready with an answer.

The answer comes, too, in the nick of time. The United States is now recovering from an extraordinary speculative debauch. Pretty much everybody, East and West, was "taking a little flyer" in Steel, Copper, or what not. When the bubble burst, there was the inevitable weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The people who fared worst were often those who could least afford losses, the extreme outsiders, who hung off till the last and were then seized by the fever of gambling and went in at the top of the market. They are doubly convinced that they were not the prey of their own folly, but of the machinations of the money-power. They have hitherto been vaguely guessing concerning the details of the diabolical crime; but Lawson supplies the missing data with gratifying fulness. His descriptions of the panic-stricken Addicks, with eyes as dull as those of a dead fish, his account of blackmailing receiverships, of juggling with the judiciary, of buying the votes of five States, his charges of absolutely insatiate and conscienceless rapacity, fit in with the preconceived theories, and confirm the darkest suspicions of the unfortunates who were fleeced.

More significant than Lawson himself, who may soon be a spent rocket, is this sentiment to which he has made such a successful appeal. The people who are convinced that our laws are out of joint are—if we may judge by the recent Socialist vote — an increasing class. In a period of general prosperity they are quiescent; in the pinch of hard times they muster enough strength to be formidable in our politics. For this element the Lawson articles are fresh sinews of war. One of the shrewdest politicians of the Northwest remarked last summer: "Every grafter in Wall Street is against Roosevelt, and consequently we're for him." President Roosevelt was fortunate in having the financial support of Wall Street and the votes of those who hate it; but again in the future, as frequently in the past, there will be a sharp cleavage in politics. When that crisis arrives, such pamphlets as "Frenzied Finance," if skilfully circulated, may wreck a conservative party. Bryan's phrase about crucifying labor upon a "cross of gold" shook the whole fabric of our credit because men's minds were prepared to

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believe that it expressed a truth. The seed was sown in good ground. So long as financiers of repute lend their names and influence to speculations that may properly be characterized as "frenzied," just so long will "Down with the grafters of Wall Street!" be a potent battle-cry, just so long will the utterances of a Lawson be flame to the flax.

The enemies, then, which our great financial institutions, our railways, our insurance companies, and our banks, have chiefly to fear are, so to speak, of their own household. When the Goths and Vandals prepare a descent upon our "vested interests," their most terrible weapons will be drawn from the armories of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The men who have promoted the vast and bottomless undertakings into which a credulous public has poured its dollars, are the real begetters of the Populistic and Socialistic parties. From the victims of their rapine, when the day of political judgment dawns, they may expect no quarter.

RUM AND POLITICS.

The presentment of the grand jury finding that the Liquor Dealers' Association raised a large fund for the corruption of the last New York Legislature can surprise no one who is familiar with the connection, here and elsewhere, between rum and politics. For many years the liquor interests, like the railway interests, have followed the policy of keeping the Legislature in good humor. Through affiliations, now with Tammany, now with the rural Democracy, and now with the Republican machine, the liquor dealers have managed to secure at each election the control of a considerable number of Senators and Assemblymen. To this nucleus of defenders they have from time to time, as occasion has required, added recruits either by direct bribery or by forming log-rolling combinations on bills of all kinds. In this dirty business, partisan lines have largely been obliterated; for when the pinch has come, Republicans have vied with Democrats in subserviency to the traffic in drink.

Men who suppose that by amending or abolishing the Raines law, or by any other legislative enactment, we shall heal or even plaster over this open sore, have little knowledge of the history of the liquor question. For hundreds of years alcohol and the vices which it nourishes have vexed Christendom, especially its municipalities. In 1635, to give one example from a thousand, Lord Keeper Coventry denounced ale-houses as "one of the greatest pests" of London, and indeed of England. Seventy years later, Defoe called tippling a "national vice" and spoke of it in terms which are entirely applicable to-day. To deal with an evil so vast in extent, so established and fortified by tradition, so deeply rooted in the weakness of human nature, is a staggering problem. Prohibition, high license, low license, and no license have all been tried, and have, in one point or another, failed. In several of the Maine cities a system of fines has established virtual license under nominal prohibition. In some country districts of the same State liquor is sold under practically no restraint except the slight Federal tax. But, whatever the law, the situation has from time immemorial been the worst in the congested portions of large cities.

We may, however, take courage from noting certain slow but steady remedies at work. One of the most potent of these is the growth of common knowledge as to the disease and crime caused by drink, and a consequent improvement in public sentiment on this point. It can no longer be said, as it was two centuries ago, that drunkenness is "a well-bred vice." The Squire Western of 'Tom Jones,' though no longer a credible character, is not an incongruous figure in Fielding's broad canvas. But the days of three and four-bottle heroes have passed beyond the recollection even of old men; and comparatively young men testify that, within the range of their memory, habits of drinking have improved. At Washington open drunkenness, especially among men in official station, is less frequent than it was one or two generations ago. Education of the masses is the one vital process; for excise laws and their administration can never rise permanently above the existing state of opinion.

Next to an understanding of the exact truth in regard to excessive drinking, the most important step forward is a general comprehension of the fact that no law can operate with equal efficiency in country and city, in the small city and the large, or in different parts of the same city. The regulations which are useful in Cobleskill and Schenevus may be preposterous in Schenectady and Albany. The hours of closing which are natural for Newburgh or for the wholesale district of New York are a formidable difficulty in the Tenderloin or the Bowery. The varying character of the population, say from the Italian quarter to the Jewish quarter, and the habits of different races add another complication. The *sine qua non*, then, for an intelligent consideration of the subject at Albany is a willingness to recognize these widely discrepant conditions. The rural lawmaker must be made to see that his personal, religious, or local prejudices cannot be enacted into laws that are universally applicable.

Since each community is plagued by its own peculiar troubles, each community must enjoy a greater liberty to cure itself. An extension of local option is, then, imperative—power absolutely to prohibit the sale of liquor in certain districts as well as power to fix hours of sale on week-days and Sundays. The amendment of the Raines law will be urged upon the Legislature that is soon to convene. As to the desirability of changes, there cannot be two opinions among well-informed people — to-day the term "Raines-law hotel" has become a synonym for a particularly offensive house of prostitution. But any movement for reform is in danger of spending itself, as so many previous efforts have done, against the granite wall of rural ignorance and indifference unless we can first win stronger support for the principle of local option. This in itself is a somewhat disheartening task. But, with local option as the wedge, the people who are striving for temperance can begin to make headway.

BEGGING AS A FINE ART.

The blessedness of giving is a topic so universally dwelt on at the Christmas season that one is reluctant to mention the kind of giving that is not at all blessed. Yet the two articles on the life of New York beggars which have appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, at least gain the emphasis of contrast. Written by Theodore Waters, they purport to be an account of a sojourn for six weeks among professional mendicants. As a narrative of personal experience this may be more or less embroidered, but it does contain a deal of curious information about the ways of the profession and its rewards.

There is no longer a Beggars' Trust in New York, it appears, and other statutes than the Sherman law must be resorted to if the evil is to be obliterated. Yet, from the point of view of an outside observer, there are many features about beggary which appear to make it one of those callings in which closely centralized control would be particularly desirable. There is, doubtless, every morning in the pockets of four million New Yorkers a pretty definite sum which can be coaxed out of them by the right sort of pathetic appeal. There are almost a dozen different types of beggars, each one's misfortune calculated to touch a different class of hearts. If anything like the maximum possible return is to be secured every day, sound economic principles demand that the mendicants be distributed so as to appeal to the largest number of citizens, and that each one be assigned to a district where his peculiar talents may be most effective. It was on this theory that a one-legged young man named Kempton formed his organization a few years ago. While it flourished, according to Mr. Waters's narrative, not only were beggars posted scientifically, with due regard to the psychology of the particular crowds likely to pass by, but each one was provided with a "lookout" as a safeguard against police interference, and roundsmen were sent out every hour to collect the receipts.

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This "Trust" when in operation was composed of adepts, and no annual report ever disclosed what were its profits. Mr. Waters was an amateur, and did business with no accessories other than a bandaged hand; but, after an hour of holding out his hat in mute appeal, he had $1.17 in nickels and cents. Where a beggar has been clever enough to offer something far removed from the hackneyed starving children or boiler explosions, his rewards begin to approach those of the masters in any other branch of art. A young man who simulated palsy with horrifying verisimilitude, was arrested one day after crawling from Fourth to Sixth Avenue, a journey so agonizing that it took him three hours. Yet the physical and nervous strain of the performance were well paid for, since his receipts in those two blocks amounted to $28.

One gray-bearded "wheezer" who bent over a broken-down hand organ, transported in a dilapidated perambulator, making a picture of dejection beyond the power of a painter to put on canvas, was found, on investigation, to be the owner of a row of houses in Hoboken. There was real genius in the "crust-throwing" act invented by a German and brought to this country by a French beggar, in which the operator first throws a crust into the mud of the streets and; a minute later, rushes out, picks it up from under the horses' feet, and gnaws it ravenously until the attentions of kind-hearted spectators are so insistent that he needs to use both hands to take in the money they offer him. Or, for horrible fascination, what picture could equal that of the Wall Street beggar who sat on the curb with his hat in one hand and his glass eye in the other Some of these men accomplish, in the open air, in broad daylight, and at close range, as perfect an illusion as the best actor can secure with all the advantages of makeup and lighting.

In many particulars Mr. Waters's observations fall in with those of Louis Paulian, who a number of years ago tried begging in Paris under a variety of disguises. His first essay in asking alms, which was in a church porch, netted 13 sous in 14 minutes, at the end of which time a gendarme tried to arrest him, not because he was begging, but because he looked "peculiar." From this it would seem that, for an inexperienced mendicant, Stuyvesant Square in New York is about twice as profitable a post as the Church of Saint Germain-des-Prés in Paris. Yet, if the average remuneration is smaller and the field more crowded, the variety and flexibility of method and perfection of organization make up for it. "There exists," wrote M. Paulian, "an association of young Protestant girls who have had the kindly idea of joining together and subscribing to buy flowers, which they take to poor girls who are ill. If these flowers went only to the poor sick girls, how heartily I should applaud the effort; unfortunately, you need only have lived a little in the beggar world to know that this is not the case. As soon as the association of which I speak became known, there was found by the side of it, and naturally unknown to it, another association, whose mission it was to trade upon the first; and so it comes about that flowers destined to cheer the garret of a poor sick girl, or to adorn the tomb of a little child, are sold in the evening at the doors of night restaurants."

People give to street beggars from a variety of motives. Some men adopt the regular policy of giving five cents to every applicant, trusting that some of the money may go into worthy pockets. Others say to themselves, "This man is doubtless an impostor, but he is nevertheless cold and hungry." The investigations of Mr. Waters show, however, that a penniless man, even if not entirely deserving, can be not only saved from hunger and cold for a night or two, but maintained in missions and free lodging-houses almost indefinitely. It is not those in need of help who make the most of the opportunities for securing it.

HIDE AND SEEK IN THE EAST.

The unconfirmed report of the presence of a Japanese fleet off Singapore has called attention to the gravity of the naval problem confronting Admiral Togo. Should he await the arrival of Admiral Rozhestvensky's vessels in Sumatran waters or in Formosan? Or should he attempt to intercept the Russians in the Indian Ocean? These questions must have occupied him and the Tokio General Staff ever since definite news of the departure of the Baltic armada reached Japan. Upon Togo and his officers rests now the whole issue of the war. A naval failure will inevitably mean the breakdown of the entire Japanese campaign and the instant imperilling of Oyama's great army.

Hitherto the naval tactics called for have been simple enough, requiring merely a stringent blockade of two ports and the attacking of the enemy whenever he issued forth. It has now become a question of strategy. Everything depends upon the judgment and foresight of the Japanese commanders. In many respects their problem is not unlike that of Admiral Sampson, though a vastly more difficult one. In both cases the attacking forces cross long stretches of ocean and may head for one of several ports of refuge, neutral and friendly. Togo and Kamimura have now to seek to divine the plans of their adversaries, and must endeavor not merely to locate them, but to locate them under circumstances favorable to the Japanese—if possible with exhausted coal bunkers, or at a distance from a harbor of refuge, or off their guard. For the odds are so much against the Mikado's sailors that they must choose the best possible time and setting for an engagement, while bearing in mind once more the necessity of saving some of their ships for future eventualities. The advantage of greater mobility is theirs.

The readiness with which Togo has taken advantage of the mistakes of his enemy lends considerable color to the report that there is a flying squadron off Singapore. The Russian fleet, unmindful of past experience, is proceeding to the East in three sections. The largest and most important, under Rozhestvensky himself, was reported to be passing Cape Town ten days ago, and should now be in the neighborhood of Delagoa Bay, or of Madagascar, to which island many colliers are believed to have been sent. The second squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Folkersam, has passed through the Suez Canal with the exception of two cruisers, the *Oleg* and the *Dnieper*, which are trailing after, and is probably well on its way to the Seychelles or the Chagos Islands, at one of which it is expected that the whole fleet will unite. Even here there is a difference of opinion among the experts, for there are some who look for a rendezvous at Minicoy, only a few hundred miles west of Colombo. Moving at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, the Japanese auxiliary cruisers reported in Singapore on Thursday should be off Colombo by Monday morning, and here they would be within three days' steaming of Chagos, and still nearer to Minicoy. The Japanese fleet, described as consisting of two first-class and two second-class cruisers, two battleships, two auxiliary cruisers, and twelve destroyers, would more than match Folkersam's squadron were they to meet. The latter consists at present of two battleships, the *Navarin* and the *Sissoi Veliki*, both no longer modern; three fine new cruisers, the *Zhemtchug*, *Izumrud*, and *Almaz*; and one older one, the *Svietlana*, which is still a very respectable ship. Could these vessels be defeated and destroyed before their meeting with Rozhestvensky the whole naval outlook would be changed, and his force of five powerful battleships and four cruisers would seem comparatively easy antagonists for Togo, who has, it must be remembered, but one other battleship if Kamimura is off with two.

Should the Japanese decide to await the Russians and risk all on one encounter between both fleets at their full strength, there are several places where they could lie in wait for their prey. So sound an expert as Mr. Henry W. Wilson, the well-known English writer on naval strategy, believes that the Russians will certainly head for Saigon, 3,200 miles distant from Chagos by way of Batavia, as Saigon is a French port and therefore friendly. To do so they must pass through the Straits of Sunda, where they could easily be blocked. At Saigon, Rozhestvensky would be

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within 3,400 miles of Vladivostok, by way of the Izu Isles and the Tsugaru Straits. This would be the most dangerous part of his journey. If he is allowed to reach Saigon unmolested save by scout ships, he must prepare to fight for the rest of his voyage. If he should go by way of Formosa, the Japanese would be battling in their own waters. If he chose to go north of Borneo and south of the Philippines, which would very much increase the distance, Rozhestvensky would have to coal at sea or under the lee of some island, and he still could not approach Vladivostok without having to pass through one of three straits—the Tsugaru, those of Korea, or of La Pérouse at the northern extremity of Japan. The latter are on the edge of the ice-line.

Obviously, it will be at best a good deal of a hide-and-seek game. In the days of sail-power the search problem before Togo would have been still more difficult, since ships could then keep the sea for months without going near a port. Now warships must seek a harbor in order to replenish their bunkers, coaling at sea not yet being a secure procedure. By so doing, they reveal to the world their whereabouts, unless they choose the few remote harbors still unconnected by a cable or telegraph with the outer world. There are several of these in the Malay archipelago in which the Russians may seek a flying base without fear of being molested by Holland. The attitude of the neutral Powers will have a vital influence upon Japan's fate, for there are strong doubts in some quarters as to the Baltic fleet's ability to reach the East if all countries should be as prompt to insist on the letter of international law as were Germany at Kiaochou and the United States when the *Lena* arrived at San Francisco. As for the time of the final conflict, there is naturally a wide difference of opinion. Rozhestvensky himself is reported to have fixed March as the period of his arrival in Japanese waters. If Admiral Togo plays a waiting game, this date should not be far amiss. So diverse a fleet, so badly manned, and so encumbered with auxiliaries of every description, must needs move at a snail's pace.

THE POETRY OF ARABIA AND THE BALLAD PROBLEM.

To all appearance, I said, in a ten-minute paper read before the Section of Semitic Languages, at the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Science, the bearing of the poetry of Arabia on the ballad problem has never received adequate, or possibly any, recognition. The Arabists are few indeed who have passed beyond the philological and historical stages to an æsthetic appreciation of the material of their labors. Some even, excellently well read in early Arabic poetry, have asserted flatly that it had no interest as poetry for us, and could be regarded only as a source for sociology and history. Others, upon whom its haunting cadences and vistas of feeling and vision have in truth struck home, are half-ashamed to confess their seeming weakness in the presence of the great crowd of cold philologians and historians. The Rückerts and Lyalls are few; the grammarians and sociologists are many. Nor do the students of "comparative literature," to use the new-fangled term, seem yet to have discovered Arabia for themselves. To them, the name suggests first, and possibly last, the 'Arabian Nights,' with which it never had anything to do. No FitzGerald has made an Arabian poem classical and compelled the attention of the civilized world. And against the assaults of any stray littérateur whose curiosity may have been aroused, the barriers are as unyielding as the deserts themselves. To most languages a very few months' work will give an entrance; and, the entrance once forced, the garden of poetry lies open—at least it will be plain what manner of garden and what wealth of promise are there. But Arabic yields itself with no such lightness. Many are the mountain ranges to be crossed; long and wearying are the marches. Days and nights must be spent on a grammar of bewildering subtlety, a vocabulary of utter strangeness and overwhelming abundance, and a range of ideas which conceal their common humanity behind veils of novel circumstance. Assuredly, no one with a light heart "got up" Arabic.

Yet again, a great and evidently most misleading confusion lies in the very name. We say Arabian, we say Arabic; the two may be absolutely separate. It is safe to assert that the greater part of the Arabic literature has been written by men in whose veins was scarcely any drop of Arabian blood, and who lived under conditions and in a form of life as separate from those of Arabia as these from ours. The mediæval monk in Ireland, who wrote in Latin of a kind, was hardly less a Roman or Italian than the author in central Asia or Persia, Syria, North Africa, or Spain, who wrote in Arabic was an Arab. Placed in the desert, there would have been no great difference in their strangerhood. And the cause of the linguistic transfer was much the same in both cases. Muhammad and his successors sent and led the Arab tribes in their great raid which made them masters from the Atlantic to Samarcand. After the raid came the Muslim empire, in which, after a century or two, the Arabs themselves had little or no part. They vanished into the new peoples or drifted back into Arabia. The official language of the new empire remained a kind of Arabic, thanks to the Qur'an and the whole system of Islam. So there were left two things: there was still Arabia, leading its simple, solitary life much as before Muhammad stirred it to action, and there was the people of Islam, of multifarious nationalities and sects, speaking in its homes multitudinous tongues, but using officially and for professed literature a distant descendant of the language of Arabia. From the latter come what are so commonly and erroneously called Arabian literature, philosophy, science, theology—thought and learning generally. To the former, the present subject, almost no attention has been paid. Yet it is Arabian in the true sense, carrying on the blood, the traditions, the customs and life, the literary ideals, forms, and methods of the Arabian peninsula and race from uncounted centuries. For the student of comparative literature or the folk-lorist, the people of Islam writing in Arabic is an amorphous and gigantic jumble of unkindred races, foreign to one another as to all inheritances and ideas which are unlinked with their faith. Their popular literatures are as diverse in spirit and in form as they well could be; what holds of one of them can never safely be predicated of another. There unite them only the Qur'an and the sciences which spring from it, their Arabic language, and their artificial Arabic-written literature—in part a distant and lifeless imitation of the forms of the desert; in part a product, almost equally lifeless, of their common scholastic method in science and philosophy. To Arabia itself, then, and to the Arab people in its own home must the folk-lorist and student of literature turn when he would seek the true Arabian poetry.

The phenomena which they will meet there are strange enough. Of the beginnings of Arabian poetry we know nothing; they must lie with the beginnings of the Arab race. The curtain rises with the appearance of Muhammad, and from that point we can trace backward some hundred and fifty years. The Arabs show themselves producing a poetry that is singularly popular in origin and idea, singularly highly developed and polished, and singularly rich. Grimm's ballad formula, "Das Volk dichtet," holds most exactly of them, but in a different sense. There is no anonymity, but there is a broad generality of authorship. Of great poets the number was undoubtedly small, but the poetic gift was widely spread. Verses of a kind seem to have been on the lips of all, though to build the lofty, monumental *qasīda*, or ode, called for the acknowledged poet. Their poetry, too, as has been well said, answered absolutely to Matthew Arnold's definition, and was a criticism of life. It was in contact with life at every turn, and we, reading it, find again in it the true days and nights of the desert. Our best commentaries on the old poems are the records of present-day wanderings there. Further, we have in it the strange phenomenon of a literature as perfectly popular in origin and use as our ballads, which yet obeys rigid norms of metre, rhyme, and form, and has crystallized into narrow conventionalities of structure. It is true it is not literature in the precise sense. These verses were chanted and sung, stored in the memory, and passed from lips to ears. Not till after the time of Muhammad, when the need of interpreting the Qur'an and fixing the structure of classical Arabic had arisen, were they finally reduced to written form. Before that they existed in stray copies such as those which the gleemen of mediæval Europe carried as their guides, and of which one is our only source for 'Aucassin et Nicolette.' They were sung as our ballads were, and had the same standing with the people. But the perfection and finish of their æsthetic structure equalled that of the lyrics of the most polished and artificial ages. In the steppes and wadis of the desert seemed to spring spontaneously the elaborate blossoms of gardens and hothouses. Yet this, it is to be remembered,

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held of their structure only. In reality and life and earnestness they were no hothouse product. They sprang in free air and sun; they knew the winds and rains of life; sedulous care surrounded them, but it was from hands hard and smooth with the sword-hilt and the spear, the care of men and warriors, of no singers of idle songs and players with metres and rhymes. It is precisely there that their fruitful paradox lies for the student of literatures.

But into a characterization in the broad of the poetry of the Arabian desert, it is unnecessary here to go. The English reader can turn to Sir Charles Lyall's translations in his 'Ancient Arabian Poetry'—brilliant alike for scholarship and poetic art—published in 1885, and to Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's translation of the 'Mu'allaqat,' recently published. Mr. Blunt has shown neither the scholarship nor the patient care of Sir Charles Lyall, but he has a first-hand knowledge of the desert which has pointed his renderings.

Again, though this poetry can be traced only to some century and a half before Muhammad, it is very certain that it had existed in essential likeness for uncounted generations earlier. Such hill flowers, as they blossom, so they fade; the memories of men cease to carry beyond limited years; only the accident that the immediately pre-Muhammadan growth was preserved in the herbarium of the early Muslim students of the classical language has saved it for us. It is true that Muhammad and Islam itself seem to have been but features in an Arabian renaissance; that Muhammad was one of its poets, spoiled by some strange inheritance and environment for art and beauty, and transformed into an Old Testament prophet; that he then, in turn, made the great Arabian movement what the West has known it. But who can tell how many such periods had preceded, how many growths of poetry had blossomed and died again, as the generations passed? So, at least, has been the after history. In the records of Arabic literature but a few generations after Muhammad, the names of new Bedawi poets cease to appear. The old poets became inviolable classics, but the desert and its life turned for the Muslim mind to memories only. Caravans must needs traverse its wastes, but its peoples are thought of only as robbers, terrible in courage, untamed and untamable. Yet, all the time, the old traditions were being carried on, and poems were being produced in the same unchanging moulds. This is plain from what we find there now. In the course of last century the desert was opened again to Europe by stray adventurers. In the fifties, Wallin brought back from his epoch-making journey some poems which were published in the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society (vols. v., vi.). Later, Wetzstein, German consul at Damascus, made collections and lectured on contemporary Arabian poetry at the University of Berlin, in the winter of 1867-68 and thereafter. Count Landberg also made very extensive collections, which, like those of Wetzstein, are still unpublished. But our most precise and widest information is undoubtedly due to the late Professor Socin in his posthumous 'Diwan aus Centralarabien.' Through this precious volume it becomes abundantly clear that the poetry of Arabia of to-day is the same in all essentials as the poetry of Arabia before Muhammad. From the sixth to the twentieth century the stream has flowed unchanging. The metres, the forms, the ideas, the types are all the same. Certainly, the Arab of to-day is not living through a great literary age, as was the Arab of the time of the Prophet; but if his is a day of smaller things, the smaller things are still the same. His poems are produced partly in stately and elaborate metres and in a vocabulary of art which is a poetical *lingua franca* recognized over the whole peninsula; partly, but to a much less degree, in the simpler language of ordinary life. This distinction held also of the ancient period, and now, as then, both forms of poetry are thoroughly popular in audience and in scope. Thus the poetry of the desert, while retaining the old forms, has not separated itself from the later life; there have been, indeed, few changes in outward conditions to need such a transference. The use of the bow may have been lost and that of firearms have come sparingly in its place, but the Arab reivers still ride on the raid in the old fashion. And as they ride, they sing to their camels, to their comrades, and against their foes, and the tribal poets sing of them in ever-renewed odes. Then these, in their turn, sink from the memories and are forgotten, and others come in their places. Like the endless generations, so unending are their songs, ever in contact with life and ever in the old moulds.

But most significant of all in its bearing on the ballad problem is one outstanding characteristic: the Arabian poet, like the Semite in general, knows nothing but a strictly subjective art. He can sing only of his own emotions; all has to pass through the alembic of his feeling and be reproduced as it affected him. He can tell no objective story, as one without, seeing and relating what he sees; he must be in the action, and what he tells us of it is what has come to him himself. Thus, a description of warriors in battle array is wrought for us out of his own pride or fear at the spectacle. The surge and swing of a charge is pictured through what he said to his soul when the shouting line rushed on. Nature, too, we know only because the stars shone brightly on his desert path or mocked in their slow march his sleepless eyes, or because the little spots of verdure and flashing pools after rain were a joy to him and gave him thoughts such and such. A ballad, then, in our sense, was impossible to him. He was not a maker, a ποιητής, but a "feeler," a "knower"—so *shā'ir*, the Arabic word for poet, means. The event was little; the man who saw it, understood it, told what came to him from it, was all. And so these Arabian songs were never anonymous. If the name of the author by chance has been lost to tradition, there stands at the head some formula, "There said a man of Taghlib," or "There said one unnamed." Some one must have said it, for it tells the emotion of some one. Western ballads tell events; who tells them is of no moment. The ballad stands as a record which might have been made equally well by any one who saw the fact. And, therefore, the identity of the teller bears no stress. After he has sung his song, another may take it and sing it with equal æsthetic right. The name of that first singer, maker of it as he was, is lost, and the song is the inheritance of the people. But, for the Arab ode, that was, and is, flatly impossible. And this cannot but raise the final question, whether it is not rather in the objectivity of our Western ballads than in their popular use or any hypothetical communal origin that we are to find the clue to their anonymity.

D. B. MACDONALD.

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I.

PARIS, December 2, 1904.

The centenary of the 2d of December recalls great events, and has been the occasion of an entertaining study by M. Édouard Gachot. It adds one more to the numerous documents which are being brought to light on the Napoleonic period, and derives a peculiar interest from the fact that the question of the separation of Church and State in France and the denunciation of the Concordat signed by Napoleon with the Papacy is just now the order of the day.

The Concordat was the work of Napoleon; he understood that France could not be swerved from religious forms, and that the Goddess of Reason could not survive the Revolutionary period. His ambition was to reconcile the Revolution with the traditions of the past; he was too proud, and had won too many laurels on the battlefield, to play the part of a Monk; he had made himself First Consul, he made himself Emperor; the ratification, by a plébiscite, of the Senate vote which gave him that title, was a mere formality. The number of those who voted yes on the question put to them was 3,572,329; the number of those who answered no was 2,569. In the city of Paris there were only 70 opponents.

The idea of coronation by the Pope's hand sprung up in Napoleon's mind long after the Concordat. It was, it is thought, originally suggested to him by Cardinal Fesch, who was allied to his family; but Napoleon preferred at first the idea of a ceremony similar to that of the Franks, who proclaimed their chief King, carrying him on a buckler. A medal was even struck from a design by Jeuffroy and Merlen, representing him standing on a buckler. Napoleon decided that his coronation should take place on the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire. He was a very superstitious believer in dates. On the 12th Messidor, there appeared in the *Moniteur Officiel* a decree in these terms: "Article I. The ceremony of the taking of the oath and of the coronation of the Emperor will take place on the next 18th Brumaire." Then came various articles, the fifth of which said that the coronation would take place in presence of the Empress, the princes, princesses, the grand dignitaries, etc. Josephine was thus, at first, excluded from the coronation; she was to be a mere witness.

These ceremonies were, in the mind of the Emperor, to take place on his return from England, as he was determined to make a landing in that country. Everybody knows how this project was defeated, and how he turned towards Austria the great army assembled at Boulogne. On his way through Germany, Napoleon stopped at Aix-la-Chapelle; he heard mass in the cathedral, and visited the tomb of Charlemagne. He viewed in the chamber of relics the ossified arm of the famous Emperor, around which there is

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a parchment bearing the words "Bracchium sancti Caroli Magni." He stopped before the armchair of the great Emperor, and was told that thirty-six of his successors had sat in it. He had long conversations with the priests of the cathedral. He was waiting at the time for an answer from Rome to his request, through his ambassador, that Pius VII. would go to Paris for the coronation; he received a favorable answer on the 11th of September. The negotiation was difficult. Cardinal Fesch conducted it for Napoleon; the Pope consulted individually all the members of the Sacred College. He told the Archbishop of Lyons: "I know much good is said of the Emperor, and that he loves religion; but he has round his person, in his Council of State and among his generals, several confidants of whom the same cannot be said, and who try to give him ideas opposed to his well-known sentiments of moderation. Well! I will pray God to dictate my duty to me."

After much reflection, the Pope resolved to go to Paris for the ceremony. Napoleon, as soon as he heard this from his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, sent to Rome his first aide-de-camp, Gen. Caffarelli, who spoke Italian well, to deliver his formal invitation. On the 6th of October, the Pope wrote his answer, and on the 2d of November began his journey. He travelled by way of Florence. Milan, and Turin, and he crossed the Mont Cenis by the road which had just been finished. Among the Alps and at Lyons he was received with extraordinary honors. Napoleon started on the 25th of November and met the Pope in the forest of Fontainebleau. Together they made their entry into Paris in the evening of the 28th. The Pope took an apartment in the Pavillon de Flore, in the Tuileries. He insisted upon one point only: Napoleon and Josephine were to be united by a religious marriage before the ceremony of the coronation. The marriage was celebrated privately on the 1st of December in the presence of Cardinal Fesch.

Napoleon personally entered into all the details of the ceremony; designating the disposition of the troops, the order of the carriages, the route of the procession. M. Gachot cites an unpublished extract from a letter written by an eye-witness:

"At six o'clock, we went to the Rue St.-Honoré to see the procession. At nine o'clock, the Pope went by, his cross-bearer before him mounted upon a mule. At ten, we saw the carriage of the Emperor; he was with the Empress and the two princes of the blood. The carriage was very magnificent: over the top was a gold crown supported by four gold eagles. The Pope's carriage was almost as handsome; over the top was a gold crown supported by four gold angels. This carriage was drawn by eight gray horses; the Emperor's, by eight coffee-colored horses of great beauty. At twelve, I went to the Cathedral."

In the procession we find none but historical names: Moncey, Murat, Kellermann, Talleyrand, Lefebvre, Bernadotte, Rapp, Savary, Berthier. The marshal bore the crown, the sceptre of Charlemagne, the Imperial globe—the "honors," as they were called—which had been taken from Saint Denis and Aix-la-Chapelle. The crown was the identical one which Charlemagne received from the hands of Pope Leo III. (This large crown, which had served before for the coronation of the kings of France, was used only for a moment, as it was very bulky; another crown was immediately substituted for it.) The other "honors" were the sword, the hand of justice, the sceptre, the spurs, the ring.

The whole ceremonial had been studied with the greatest care and in all its details—the offer of the "honors" to Napoleon, their disposal on the altar, the singing of the litanies, the benediction of the crowns by the Pope, the crowning, the taking of the oath by the high dignitaries. Napoleon, by his personal demeanor, gave an original character to the ceremony. Covered with a red velvet mantle, sprinkled with gilt bees and lined with ermine, he left his chair and marched deliberately to the altar, took with his own hand the crown, and placed it on his head. Turning towards the Pope, he bowed to him before taking in his hand the crown destined for Josephine. He went with it down the steps of the altar, and himself crowned the Empress, who was waiting for him on her knees. This moment of the coronation was happily seized by David in his famous picture, and may be said to give its real character to the ceremony. The Pope was there only as a witness; Pius VII. did not play for Napoleon the part which Leo III. played for Charlemagne. The modern Cæsar was not the Cæsar of the Middle Ages.

Mass was said after the ceremony of the coronation; and after mass came the taking of the oath. The formula deserves to be noted. The Emperor swore with a loud voice:

"I swear to maintain the integrity of the territory of the Republic; to respect and to make respected the laws of the Concordat and of freedom of worship; to respect and to make respected the equality of rights, civil and political liberty, the irrevocability of the sales of national properties; to levy no taxes and to establish none except by virtue of law; to maintain the institution of the Legion of Honor; to govern solely with a view to the interests, the happiness, and the glory of the French people."

In this formula is condensed the spirit of the French Revolution. The mention of the Concordat is of great importance, for the Concordat was, so to speak, the stepping-stone to the new order of things; and it spoke volumes to see the head of the Catholic Church sanction, consciously or unconsciously, by his presence the conquest and the results of the Revolution.

While this event took place, Napoleon was thinking of invading England; he was making great preparations for an expedition which was to change the whole equilibrium of Europe and of the world. The London *Times* is publishing every day an extract from the *Times* of 1804, and what do we read in the extract of November 29, a few days before the coronation?

"The coronation ceremonies have drawn an unusual crowd, not merely of persons from every department in the Empire of the French, but also of foreigners from all countries with which his Imperial Majesty is not, at present, at war. Spaniards, Italians, Neapolitans, Prussians, Austrians, Germans, Dutch, Portuguese, Americans are all feeding the avarice of the Parisians, for the impure gratification of beholding an unhallowed ceremony, the principal trait of which is the novel contrivance of disgracing the Christian Religion by obliging the Roman Pontiff to pour holy oil and place the Imperial Crown on the head of the greatest enemy existing to himself, his dignity, and his faith."

Who could have foreseen in those days of 1804 what was to be the destiny of the new Cæsar?

Correspondence.

THE AUCTIONING OF OFFICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Dr. Schrader, who suggests, in your issue of the 15th inst., that senatorships be sold at public auction, in order that the State rather than the legislators may receive the purchase price, will be interested to recall that a great philosopher has, in all seriousness, advocated the sale of public office. While he restricts the recommendation to a monarchy, and even quotes Plato as being opposed to this procedure in a republic, yet the reasons that he advances seem quite applicable to present conditions in some republics—in fact, as is so often said of the wisdom of the ancients, "strangely modern." Says Montesquieu ('De l'Esprit des Lois,' Book V., chap. 19):

"Dans une monarchie où, quand les charges ne se vendroient pas par un règlement public, l'indigence et l'avidité des courtisans les vendroient tout de même, le hasard donnera de meilleurs sujets que le choix du prince. Enfin la manière de s'avancer par les richesses inspire et entretient l'industrie: chose dont cette espèce de gouvernement a grand besoin."

Is not the suggestion that the sale of offices will tend to encourage "industry" delicious? If Dr. Schrader can only make it appear that it is an "infant" industry that will be encouraged, may he not hope for the powerful assistance of the Home Market Club in his propaganda?

Howard L. Smith.

University of Wisconsin, December 19, 1904.

HARVARD AND TECHNOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent Rogers centenary observed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in honor of its founder and first president brings a realization of the considerable age of technological education, which has so generally been regarded as an "infant industry" in intellectual economics. The Institute of Technology is now upon its fortieth year, standing as leader, by virtue of its size, its system, and its works, of an army of institutions of technological and engineering education. As was last week noted editorially in the *Nation*, this leadership is in no respect more necessary to the educational interest of the country than in its broadness and elevation of conception as to "engineering education." What President Rogers and President Walker have done, the intellectual interest of the country calls upon every technological school to emulate, and upon the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to hold pure.

This is no slight task, for the demands of scientific instruction are as insistent to-day as the lofty disregarding of them was formerly repressive. But, in truth, the tide turned with the half-century in this as in many other intellectual conceptions. And to-day, as we see the growth of a salutary counteraction to that vigorous reaction, we see also the need of caution, lest this new force also direct itself into disadvantageous channels.

To-day, the educational community is in-

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terested in a suggested union between Technology and Harvard University. The movement is not a new idea, nor is the practice new; Harvard and other universities have already their scientific schools. But this method is almost original, and the Institute of Technology, when taken as a subject, puts the principle to its severest test. Dissent is not wanting. The following resolution, adopted at a meeting of the Union of German Engineers at Munich, September 12, 1904, expresses clearly the conviction of eminent representatives of German technological schools and universities:

"It is not advisable, so far as can be foreseen, to attempt to meet the need of new technological schools by the addition of technological faculties to universities, but rather by the establishment of independent institutions; for the technological schools would be hindered in their independent development by attaching them to universities. This separation should not, however, impede the welcome development of intellectual good will between the two institutions. The attachment to universities would also in no way involve economies of consequence."

This is no uncertain word; it expresses the conviction that technological education is as distinct a work and as distinct a thing in the world as (let us say) the journalistic school of New York. As an opinion from Germany, it gives perhaps the most notable and certainly the most authoritative foreign opinion which can be summoned to the question. At home, utterances have for the most part awaited the publication of a detailed plan of procedure; thus expressing, perhaps, a public editorial opinion that circumstances may alter cases. This public attitude may be regarded as expressed briefly in an article which appeared recently under the signature of President Thwing of the Western Reserve University. In this article President Thwing discusses "trust" forms of education in general, and lays down as one necessary provision, that an institution should seek to preserve its historical life—its "traditions," as the word is used in such connection. As the *Nation* last week pointed out, the traditions of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are largely and vitally those made by President William B. Rogers and President Francis A. Walker. In the explicit provision for liberal and broadening education, always insisted upon by these distinguished men, there was ever the recognition of the scientific character and earnest, practical purposefulness of this precise culture work. So emphatically did the eminent presidents adhere to this, and so closely were they in the spirit of the recent Munich resolutions, that each of them, upon occasion, emphatically decided against university coördination such as is suggested to-day. The preservation of such traditions would seem to be only the preservation of Technology's integrity.

Upon this basis, it would appear, then, that the issue of alliance between the two institutions is that of the preservation of the highest form of technological education itself. Technology's centenary celebration becomes significant indeed in marking a new problem in the growth of such education, and in determining the direction of its solution. ALUMNUS.

December 17, 1904.

Notes.

Persons having material—especially unpublished MSS. or letters—likely to be of service in the preparation of a biography of the late Edward Rowland Sill, are requested to communicate with Mr. W. B. Parker, 30 Stoughton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis informs us that he is just beginning the impression of his 'Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Monde Latin,' of which we have already spoken, and hopes to finish with it by the end of May. An octavo volume of 1,000 pages, this dictionary will contain from five to six thousand biographical notices of writers on Latin subjects, of the present day. There is still time for the tardy to send in personal-bibliographical particulars concerning themselves to the editor, whose address is No. 11 via S. Martino al Macao, Rome.

Macmillan Co. are about to bring out 'Sunny Sicily: Its Rustics and its Ruins,' by Mrs. Alec Tweedie; 'Familiar London, Painted by Rose Barton'; 'The Hardy Country,' by Charles G. Harper; 'The King's Homeland,' by W. A. Dutt; and 'The Art of Creation,' by Edward Carpenter.

Methuen & Co., London, will publish early next year 'De Profundis,' written in Reading jail by the late Oscar Wilde.

James Flint's 'Letters from America' is one of the very best of the reprints in Mr. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.). This Scotchman was a friendly and level-headed observer, who came over in 1818, landing in New York when the city outlines were obscured by the masts of vessels, when the Lombardy poplar was the favorite shade tree, and the census showed still some 600 slaves on the island. Flint has also to tell of Philadelphia, in passing, and of negro pews even in Quaker meeting-houses; of Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, etc. His letters are mostly illustrative of the Ohio valley, and of Indiana and Ohio in particular. There is a graphic description, at page 287, of an Indiana camp meeting. Water in the Ohio was abnormally low, as it is at this season. Our traveller saw something of Southern slavery in Kentucky, and noted the friction over fugitive slaves on the northern border. His comments upon the system and its victims are sound and humane. At Jeffersonville, Ind., he fell in with "a gentleman from Carolina," who, "after a hired man had given him slippers, and asked him for his boots to be blacked, exclaimed, 'As I wish to see my Maker, I would not live in a free State, where one white man cleans the boots of another.'" Flint's narrative is very valuable for its minute particulars, especially in economic matters.

'The Love Poems of Byron' has been added to the tiny "Lover's Library" (John Lane), printed in the regulation green ink and purple border. "She walks in beauty," "Stanzas for Music," "Maid of Athens," "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer," "Well, thou art happy," keep company with others less famous and enduring, with translations and imitations.

A bulky quarto, the first volume of "The Home Library," is sent us from the press of the American Publishing Company of Middlebury, Vt. The book is of the sort that lies on the table in the best room of the farmhouse; and, indeed, it is too heavy for the hand. It is a collection of extracts from well-known works, familiar poems, etc., and the selection is made with some judgment, although the arrangement is haphazard. The numerous photographic illustrations are also capriciously inserted, and few of them have any connection with the text. Many are uninteresting and of inferior execution, but some of the Vermont scenes are of striking beauty. The book is superior to most of its class, and will no doubt be welcome in many homes.

Even little books have fates of their own, and the tinier the *libellus* the stranger often the *fatum*. Some, especially, are indestructible and irrepressible; sooner or later they reach the light. When Scott was writing 'The Lady of the Lake' and 'Waverley,' Marjory Fleming, known as "Pet Marjorie," *ætate* 6-9, was writing her Journal, a life of Mary Queen of Scots, and other works. But it is only some forty years now since tantalizing fragments began to appear, fragments which yet brought the little poet into the great 'Dictionary of National Biography.' And again, only within the last year have they been fully published from the verbatim copies which the happy care of Dr. John Brown made. The present American edition ('Marjorie Fleming: The Story of Pet Marjorie, together with her Journal and her Letters,' by L. MacBean, Putnams), adds Dr. John Brown's sketch. The juxtaposition is unhappy, for the editor has imitated Dr. Brown's method of running comment, and has in no way reached his curious felicity. But Marjory's own words will live with the language. They are those of a healthy child, and of a healthily conscious artist; they have feeling and observation, and, above all, the mystery of style and charm. She is the one example without affectation or sickliness of the child with a pen.

Messrs. A. & C. Black's series of descriptive books illustrated in color is drawing out now in long array, and evidently has met the popular mind. In them the contributor of the "letterpress," to use a politely ambiguous term, is in much the position of the librettist of an opera, with the difference that his work is done in docile sequence and more or less annexion to the pictures. Such cases as Mr. Kelly's 'Egypt,' where artist and describer happily combine, are of necessity rare. In "Bonnie Scotland," painted by Sutton Palmer and described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (Macmillan), the describer has exercised a tolerable independence and produced a very entertaining book, full of bits of history, character, and custom, anecdote and reminiscence, all much fresher than might easily have been expected; ties of blood, also, and intimacy in childhood and youth, and a certain detachedness in later life have been his fortunate guides. His patriotism is of the pawky, discriminating kind which lends insight. The pictures, too, are good and suggestive, if not too closely viewed. Their limitations are those of the color process, and for magic mists and transparent rays color processes have no spell. The light that never was, on sea or land, perhaps neighbors closest to Scottish hills and seas, purple or gray, but it no me-

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chanical art can reach. Yet Mr. Palmer has done much, and the printer has done his best; and the results, for suggestion or memories, will stand for much more than they are in themselves.

Those who plan to live in the country are nowadays in danger of being distracted by the multitude of advisers. Mr. E. P. Powell, however, is no mere amateur, and his book, 'The Country Home' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is full of practical suggestions drawn from a long and successful experience in horticulture. He has much to say concerning the selection of a site, water supply, and drainage, buildings, roads, etc., and adds a frequent dose of sentiment, which is wholesome and genuine, even if not always far above the prosaic. The very full lists of meritorious trees, shrubs, fruits, vegetables, and flowers should be found of value by every one who cares for a garden, as Mr. Powell appears to have tested whatever he recommends. The book is pleasantly illustrated, and is in every way creditable to the publishers.

To such of our readers as may desire a brief survey of Goethe's literary activity we can with safety commend H. G. Atkins's 'Johann Wolfgang Goethe' (London: Methuen), in the series of "Little Biographies." The get-up of it is charming; the paper is light but opaque, and the print is a delight to the eye. The author's style, also, is appropriate; lucid, direct, unaffected, it does not divert the reader's attention from the subject. It is almost austere in its dignified simplicity; still, it is by no means dull. Of course, one should not expect even an epitome of the real Goethe in 170 pages; what one gets here is merely a rapid glance at Goethe the author. Of Goethe's influence in finance and politics, in art, science, and philosophy, scarcely a word. Yet this side of Goethe is the one which now attracts most attention in his own country. The German, to whom "Werther," 'Meister,' and "Faust" are well-worn themes, wishes to know more of Goethe the myriad-minded man. Perhaps some German *Goetheaner* will succeed before long in digesting the now undigested mass of the "Jahrbuch" and countless monographs, and laying bare the springs of action of which Goethe's poetry was but one manifestation. Meanwhile, the English reader can profit by the present volume. It is accurate in what it gives, readable and healthful in tone, and well proportioned. We regret that the author speaks (p. 93) of Goethe as a "journalist"; his papers in *Der Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeiger* were no more "journalism" than were Addison's papers in the *Spectator*. Goethe cared even less than Addison for the day's doings.

To do anything like justice to Mr. William H. Winch's 'Notes on German Schools' (Longmans), the reviewer should have at his disposal the columns of a *Fachzeitschrift*. We in this place must be content with noting the author's painstaking method and his sobriety of tone. The reader cannot but feel that the author has tried honestly to apprehend the salient facts of a complicated system and to present them clearly. In general, the schools here discussed are those below the Gymnasium, and correspond in the main to our New York "grades." In certain studies, however, such as algebra, geometry, and foreign languages, the work overlaps that of our high school. In foreign languages, especially, it is much more thorough and rational. The whole question of language-instruction has evidently a strong interest for the author. We quote from the Introduction (p. 5): "How often, for example, one reads an account of the teaching of foreign languages in Germany which leads us to think that grammatical teaching is dead, that exercise writing is abolished, that no translation is permitted, and that oral instruction by the direct method is the only one in favor with the best teachers. The detailed lessons which I give form a needful corrective to such notions." And, again, we would call attention to the remarks upon the character of the German teacher, upon the study of grammar, upon the "old" and the "new" method (pp. 197-202). Altogether, the book is rich in food for thought.

If Winch's book is in the main a collocation of facts and data, with at most a passing judgment by the author, Bagster-Collins's 'The Teaching of German in Secondary Schools' (Macmillan) is doctrine from start to finish. The book undertakes to show how German may be taught to the best advantage in the American school. Here, too, the reviewer should have the space of a *Fachgelehrter* addressing his *Collegen*. We, in our more restricted sphere, can only testify that the book is well planned and well written. The author inclines to the "new" method of teaching, without going to the extreme in his inclination; his doctrine is always mindful of American conditions and limitations. In substance, the book is a response to the Report of the Committee of Twelve, 1898. We are not disposed to take issue with the author, even where he seems to have entered upon debatable ground; for his opinions are at least matured, and, after all, the field is open to every form of illuminating discussion. Only upon one point do we venture upon a general dissent. "Learning to speak is a complex process, compared with learning to read" (p. 20); "translating and reading a language are two different processes, for a pupil may read a language almost as his mother-tongue, and yet flounder hopelessly if you ask him to translate at sight" (p. 199). Both these utterances are true, yet they are far from giving the whole truth. In view of the circumstance that Columbia publications now abound in psychology, we would ask what is the psychology underlying this whole business? Is it definitively psychological to say that speaking one's own commonplaces is more "complex" than reading the pregnant utterances of another? Does not the fundamental difficulty in translating lie in the need of adjusting one's own mentality to the mentality of the original? If that is the case, we can scarcely admit that the American who reads his Goethe "almost" as English truly understands his Goethe. The chapter on Pronunciation is vigorous and wholly up to date.

The Jefferson letters, in the seventh volume of the Buffalo Historical Society's Publications, are likely to attract general attention. They are fourteen in number, eight of which appear to be now printed for the first time. They were written to Francis Adrian van der Kemp (1752-1829), a Dutch clergyman, publicist and reformer, living at Olden Barneveld, New York, later Trenton. All of them possess the true Jeffersonian flavor. An extract from one dated April 25, 1816, is just now gaining wide currency, for the reason that it has been quoted by Dr. Cyrus Adler in his admirable Introduction to the so-called "Jefferson Bible," which Congress in handsome style is distributing through the country. Whoever examines the full text will be inclined to think that what the writer of the Introduction does not print has been judiciously omitted. Gen. Henry A. S. Dearborn's letters in the same volume are more or less valuable. The Life of Augustus Porter is likewise of general interest. This able pioneer of the Niagara region has left his mark in the history of western New York. The name of Porter is associated with Niagara Falls as closely as is that of Irving with the Hudson. Judge Porter's own narrative, written in 1848, possesses much of the charm that attends the plain, simple talk of a man of action who tells in his own way the story of his experiences. The early annals of Buffalo, it is evident, are well cared for. This well-printed volume is a credit to the Society and to the editor. It has several illustrations, mostly portraits; and the index of names appears to be full.

Under the title, "A Doubtful Island of the Pacific," Mr. James D. Hague gives an account, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December, of the various attempts to discover an island or group of islands reported to lie about midway between Hawaii and Panama. The unexplored region in question consists of some 40,000 square miles, of which 10,000 have been carefully searched by the *Albatross* in 1899 and the *Tacoma* in May, 1904, without finding any trace of land. A special interest in the investigation is the possibility that the United States sloop-of-war *Levant*, which sailed from Hilo for Panama, September 18, 1860, may have been wrecked on some unknown island, and that some of her crew may still survive. It was on this ill-fated vessel that the hero of 'The Man without a Country' ended his romantic career, and Mr. Hague closes with this characteristic note from Dr. E. E. Hale, which he found awaiting him on his landing from the *Tacoma:* "If you have found dear Phil Nolan, bring him at once to this house; I will adopt him as my grandfather." Among the other contents are an address on China by the Hon. John W. Foster, and an abstract of the report of General Greely, Chief Signal Officer. Of the Alaskan telegraph system he says: "The entire construction of 3,625 miles includes not only 2,079 miles of cable and 1,546 miles of land lines, but also a wireless system of 107 miles" between Cape Nome and Fort St. Michael. This "perfects the military intercommunicating system of the United States." Every important military command, except the legation guard at Pekin, can now be reached over strictly American lines of telegraph and cable.

A conviction of the strategic importance of the republics of Hayti and Santo Domingo, lying in the path of the great stream of commercial traffic which will flow through the Panama Canal, has led the London *Times* to send a correspondent to the island to study its conditions with a view to the question of its political future. The results of his experiences in Hayti are given in a recent communication (December 7), which may be summed up in the assertion that

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"the great bulk of the people . . . subsist on a social and economic basis but slightly higher than that of Africa." "In theory republican, the government is a system of arbitrary force, unregulated and unmodified by any consideration save that of individual self-interest and toleration. Martial law is the normal condition in the republic; the military are predominant; officers, soldiers, and police are the most conspicuous element everywhere. The houses of the ministers are guarded; they themselves go about armed with revolvers, and all night long the towns echo to the challenging of guards." Hayti's independence as a negro State is the fundamental principle on which its existence is based. "When President Nord Alexis was questioned by the writer on the subject, and the possibilities for Hayti involved in American intervention in Santo Domingo were pointed out, he replied that his race had fought for independence, and would die to a man before it was given up." Trade and banking business are almost entirely in the hands of Germans, though the bulk of the exports go to Havre, the greater proportion of the imports coming from the United States. The normal relations between the natives and foreigners—a few hundreds only in number—are on the surface friendly; but in times of economic and political crises "the atmosphere is electric with fear and uncertainty, a massacre of the whites often being spoken of and always being possible."

Under the auspices of the Verein der Deutschen Ingenieure, a special commission of German scholars has been appointed to coöperate in the unification of the orthography of foreign scientific and technical words. At a recent convention held in Berlin, the principles upon which this uniform spelling is to be based were practically agreed upon; the various philological societies and the Governments to act further in the matter. The meeting, which was largely attended by specialists in the technological departments, could not quite agree whether the new system should be based on the international scientific orthography (*e. g., calciniren*), or on the popular system (*kalziniren*), or whether both systems might be followed to a certain degree. A list of the words concerned is to be prepared and sent to the different specialists for further study. None are more interested in this matter than the editors and publishers of the great Technological Lexicon now in preparation under the auspices of the above society, with Dr. Jansen as manager.

The Schiller Gedächtniss-Stiftung, an association that purposes to supplant the trashy literature of the day by publishing cheap editions of the best writers, reports that, during the present year, it has distributed gratis more than 10,000 copies of good books to poor libraries in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, and that it is prepared to distribute 15,000 during the coming twelvemonth. It appeals for membership fees of three marks and other help, to be sent to its headquarters in Hamburg.

In an address delivered by the retiring rector of the University of Leipzig, Prof. Dr. Bücher, some new facts were given in reference to the proposal to assess a special tax on foreign students attending the universities and the technological institutes of the Fatherland, this movement being one of the outcroppings of the anti-foreign spirit which has been making itself felt of late to a noteworthy degree in the academic world of the Empire. The project was even discussed in the Reichstag, and there found some favor. A conference of rectors was held in Leipzig, which decided to throw its influence against the proposed innovation, on the ground that such an extra tax could not be justified, seeing that the presence of foreigners does not increase the expenses of these schools. Bücher declares that, to his knowledge, none of the German State Governments show any inclination to put this additional burden on students from abroad.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. complete their centenary edition of Emerson's works by the simultaneous publication of three volumes, 'Lectures and Biographical Sketches,' 'Miscellanies,' and 'Natural History of Intellect, and Other Papers.' Dr. Emerson's taste and skill in editing and annotating this edition of his father's writings have held out bravely to the end. Indeed, these qualities have been less conspicuous in the former volumes. Perhaps the truer word would be that the biographical and local sketches, especially those dealing with Concord subjects, are more fertile in suggestion and reminiscence for the editor than those of a more abstract character. Emerson's "Historical Discourse at Concord" has seemed to many so perfect of its kind that there could be no addition or subtraction without harm, but Dr. Emerson's notes to this address are uncommonly rich. So are those to the short papers on Dr. Ripley and Mary Moody Emerson. There are no additions to the body of the 'Lectures and Biographical Sketches' as compared with this volume in the Riverside edition, but to the 'Miscellanies' of that edition we have here some notable additions. They include a most noble letter written to President Van Buren in 1838 on the removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia, and a Concord speech on the Fugitive Slave law, after its enactment. The Shakspere speech at the Boston Saturday Club has an amusing history. Emerson's endorsement on the manuscript was to the effect that the speech was delivered at the Revere House April 23, 1864. Mr. Cabot's recollection is that Emerson made no speech, but a dead funk, remaining, however, serene and unabashed, though unable to say a word. Emerson's interview with Lincoln, recently published in the *Atlantic*, is not published with the notes on his Lincoln speech, but reserved for a later publication of certain selections from Emerson's journals.

—The twelfth volume is much richer than the corresponding volume in the Riverside edition. It contains five new lectures, two of which, "Country Life" and "Concord Walks," are in Emerson's most pleasing vein, and their inclusion with the other three is quite as much in order as that of many other things for the publication of which Emerson's former editor, Mr. J. E. Cabot, was responsible in the volume which he edited on their original publication. The sections added to the "Natural History of Intellect" are interesting and valuable, but, like the narrower inclusion, are convincing that Emerson had little faculty for a systematic presentation of his philosophic thought. Much interesting light is thrown on the methods of Emerson's work. His transference of matter from one lecture or essay to another was apparently habitual, and the final or secondary setting was seldom an improvement on the first. A general index to the twelve volumes covers 125 pages. It is remarkably full and appears to be exceedingly well done. In its present form it is the work of Miss Laura Woolsey Lord.

—Volumes xvii., xviii., and xix. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) bring the record forward from 1609 to 1621. It was a period notable, in the matter of striking events, for the continual struggles with the Dutch in the Orient, not only at the very entrance of Manila Bay, but especially in the Moluccas and to some extent in Japan, then soon to be almost completely shut up to Europe again. These volumes naturally bring forth various documents bearing on these conflicts, as well as documents for the years 1619-1621, touching the proposal to abandon the Philippines because of the costliness of the foothold maintained by Spain in the Orient at a time when Philip III. and his resources were sadly strained at home. It is a favorite assertion of historians given to the picturesque that Philip III. held to the Philippines, cost what they might, solely because of his desire to christianize their people. That the friars' arguments availed greatly with him is certain, but it is plain from the record that the hope of empire, and the shame of abandoning it in the face of reversals, were motives that played at least as great a part. These three volumes, however, deal rather with the more significant matters of internal government of the Philippines than with the striking events of buccaneer warfare.

—The documents are mostly drawn from the original manuscripts, especially from the archives of Seville, as will necessarily continue to be the case throughout the series. The letters from Jesuits are of prime value, and also deal considerably with China, Japan, and India. A reprint of Hernando de los Rios Coronel's memorial on faults of administration and abuses of the natives in the Philippines, first published at Madrid in 1621, is also notable. The various documents mostly shed some light on the drain upon Philippine resources, and still more the impoverishment and abuse of the Filipinos resultant upon the equipment of ships to fight the Dutch among the Spice Islands. The editors have performed good service by interposing selections from the Laws of the Indies, the other documents revealing by comparison how far these humane provisions came from successful enforcement. Volume xvii. has a valuable appendix in the form of a list of the various governors of the archipelago from beginning to end of Spanish rule, the most correct and serviceable yet compiled in English, with abstracts from Sinibaldo de Mas (1843) and Montero y Vidal (1866) on the methods and machinery of Spanish administration. Compare with these the abstract of Spanish government in the first volume of the Report of the Philippine Commission (Schurman) of 1900 (the fault of which abstract was that it was mostly confined to the provisions of administrative reforms but recently enacted), and the student will have a very good working knowledge of Spanish administration. It is regrettable to hear that this

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series has received most scanty support in the United States, even from libraries, though this is only another evidence of the lack of any serious effort worth mentioning as yet in the study of Philippine history and affairs in our country. The publishers of the series have been compelled to announce that, beginning with February next, they will limit the number of volumes printed strictly to the number subscribed.

—Mr. William Macbeth, the picture-dealer, publishes a thin volume of less than sixty pages, 'Homer Martin: A Reminiscence,' by the painter's widow. The book is well and simply, if not quite frankly, written, and has a distinct charm of its own, while it does, in the words of its publisher, afford "valuable insight into the life and work of this highly gifted artist." As is inevitable, however, the insight given is rather into the causes of the artist's weaknesses and partial failure than into the sources of his strength. No one has ever been able to explain genius or even talent; it is possible to show, in some degree, why genius or talent did not find fuller fruition. The causes of Martin's shortcomings as a painter seem to have been an almost total lack of systematic training, a temperamental inability to work except when in the mood, a defective vision culminating in almost entire blindness, and certain "habits" and "propensities" which are hinted at but not named. Against each of these handicaps artists have victoriously contended—against all of them together no one could quite victoriously contend. Mrs. Martin quotes George H. Boughton to the effect that if Martin had been a pupil of Corot's he "could hardly paint more like him"—and in charm of tone and of delicate light and color there is indeed a marked similarity between the works of the two painters; but of the breadth of design and of the suave perfection of a personal but masterly technique which marked the great Frenchman, there is little trace in the work of the American. Of what he was we have learned to be justly proud; to understand may be to pardon, but need not be to forget what he was not.

—There are not many philosophers, as distinguished from the professors of philosophy, but the late Thomas Davidson was of the number. He deliberately chose the vocation of a sophist, to use the term as explained by Grote, and refused to attach himself to any scholastic corporation. He took money for his teaching from those who could afford it, but gave counsel freely to the poor. An account of the results of a few lectures which he delivered on the East Side of New York has now been prepared by Mr. Charles M. Bakewell, and published by Ginn & Co. under the title, 'The Education of the Wage-Earners.' Incredible as it may seem, Davidson aroused in a gathering of people nearly all whose waking hours were devoted to manual toil, an enduring interest in books and subjects which are quite beyond the capacity of most of the "leisure class." He set them a stiff course, but they proved themselves equal to it, and have continued the movement with wonderful courage. What is even more remarkable, Davidson at the outset persuaded many of his hearers, who knew no hope but that offered by Socialism, that there was a higher ideal. Socialism, he showed, involved the loss of the very thing for which the State exists—personal liberty. To preserve liberty and at the same time secure opportunity for self-development, implies the existence of the conditions that would make Socialism possible. In other words, society will be reformed when the people who compose it become elevated, morally and spiritually; and without this elevation no changes in government or in material wealth will make the world better. Mr. Bakewell is to be commended for calling attention to this remarkable experiment and its present results; and his account of Davidson and his philosophy should perpetuate the memory of a man who labored sincerely and successfully to bring light into the lives of his fellows.

—The latest lists of books and articles on special subjects issued by the Library of Congress, as prepared under the direction of the chief bibliographer, Mr. Griffin, draw fresh attention to the defective bibliographical workmanship of this series. We have never been able to understand why books, articles in periodicals, and Government documents are listed separately, nor why the books are arranged alphabetically while in all the other divisions the titles are arranged chronologically, nor why the alphabetical index to authors should cover the similarly arranged list of books. The absence of topical indexes is a serious blemish. The distinction between the divisions is not always kept in mind by the compiler. In the list on Immigration, for instance, several articles in periodicals and in Congressional documents are listed as if books, and at least one, John P. Altgeld's 'The Immigrant's Answer,' is given both under articles in periodicals—it was first printed in the *Forum* for 1890—and as a "book," because it was afterwards reprinted in the author's collection of essays called 'Live Questions.' In the list on the Far East a number of book-titles are accompanied by descriptive or commendatory quotations, but the sources are not always indicated. Each of the lists mentioned is prefaced by a note describing the material and repeating a number of the titles, with an occasional word or two of evaluation; too many titles are given to be of any value as guides, and the evaluation is haphazard. What is here said of the lists just issued is true of nearly all of the publications of the Division of Bibliography; their standard is not what one has a right to expect from publications emanating from the National Library.

—Magnus, who is well known for his researches in the history of the treatment of diseases of the eye ('Die Augenheilkunde der Alten,' Breslau, 1901), discusses with much acuteness in a late number of the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* the paragraphs which concern this subject in the lately discovered laws of Hammurabi. Hitherto we have had no knowledge of operations upon the eye of an earlier date than the time of Hippocrates, and even at that time nothing was ventured upon except the removal of tumors from the lid and the cornea; there is no record of anything having been attempted in the interior of the eye. But now we suddenly find that the book of the laws of the Babylonian King makes express provision for regulating the relation between physician and patient in the case of operation for cataract. Cataract is a result of defective nutrition of the lens, and is not so much a disease as a too common physiological occurrence in advancing years. To undertake to push aside the clouded lens at a time when of course aseptic measures were unknown, must have demanded an extraordinary amount both of courage and of skill. Magnus comes to the conclusion that the passages concerning this subject in the book of the laws must be interpreted as meaning that for a successful operation the oculist shall receive ten silver shekels (something like ten marks); but that, if the patient dies under the operation or if his eye is destroyed, the hands of the operator shall be cut off.

THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

A History of South America, 1854-1904. By Charles Edmond Akers. With illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

It is surprising, when one considers the size of the South American States, and the importance which some of them are acquiring, that so little has been written about them, either by way of describing their economic and social condition or as a record of their history. Americans, Englishmen, and Germans seem to have found them either too uninteresting or too troublesome and perplexing an object of study, so that until now it has been hard to discover any trustworthy account of the political phenomena which distinguish these republics from the rest of the world. Mr. Akers had accordingly every justification for attempting a condensed account of the recent history of South America such as his volume presents. He takes up in succession each South American country, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, treating the four last named very curtly, and the others more at length. Two chapters give a rather too sketchy general introduction, four in the middle are devoted to an account of the war between Chile and Peru, while a concluding one reviews the general situation, and intimates views of the future.

The plan is good, and the execution not unworthy of the plan. Although the author tells us that he is a journalist by profession, who has resided for fourteen years in South America, there is nothing in his style characteristic of either the newspaper correspondent or of the leading-article writer. He is plain, concise, businesslike, using no rhetoric, spreading himself out with no vague amplifications. He does not profess to write as a philosopher, examining the causes of the political phenomena which he describes, nor does he make any reference, by way of illustration, to the political phenomena of other governments in other countries which offer parallels to the history of these republics. But he writes sensibly and temperately, making on his reader at least the impression of a man who deserves confidence. The book is one not meant to charm those who read for entertainment, but addresses itself to persons who desire to be informed regarding the recent history and present state of a vast continent which must play in the future a larger part than it has played in the past. Such persons will find in its pages most of the facts they need; there is, indeed, so far as we know,

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no other book which contains the facts in so convenient a form.

We say "most of the facts" because, in the case of some of the countries dealt with, there are omissions which one would gladly see supplied. Among these omissions, one relates to the quality of the population. As respects some States, Peru, for instance, and Bolivia, and Venezuela, Mr. Akers gives figures, sometimes unofficial figures, but the best he could get—probably official figures are no better than others—of the respective numbers of Spaniards, half-breeds, and Indians. But in the case of some other States he is apparently unable to provide any estimate of the relative strength of the various elements in the population; and generally he is perhaps rather too curt or two meagre in his notices of this point, essential as it is to a comprehension of the social conditions out of which political disturbances spring. Broadly speaking, the causes of these disturbances, which have not only given South America a bad name, but have done something to discredit republican government itself in the eyes of unthinking persons, stand out pretty clearly from his pages. Upon one of them he seems to us to lay undue stress, viz., the Spanish or Portuguese origin of the European part of the population. There is no reason in the nature of things why Spaniards should not be able to work a free government. In the fifteenth century both Castile and Aragon had constitutions which gave promise of development, though an unhappy series of historical events destroyed that promise. It is more material to observe that the Spaniards in the New World never had any chance of learning self-government. They were comparatively few, scattered in tiny communities among subject races, and they were despotically governed by viceroys sent from Spain. No local institutions existed among them like those planted from the first in the English colonies in North America. Thus, when they shook themselves loose from the mother country in the beginning of the nineteenth century, they were utterly inexperienced in politics, and had nothing to guide them except fine phrases and the Constitution of the United States, which, it may safely be said, few of them understood, and which was not well suited to their very different conditions. Probably the best thing for them would have been a strong, even an autocratic, government, which would have imposed order, prevented insurrections, opened up the country, and given a chance for wealth to grow by the development of agriculture and other industries.

They had against them, besides their unlucky start, the misfortune of being far too few for the territory they occupied, and of having territories in which there already existed native races so far back in civilization as to be unfit for any kind of free government, and indisposed, in many regions, to regular industry. Most of South America was too hot to be cultivated by the labor of the European settlers, and they seldom attempted to work the mines themselves, preferring to employ Indians, as in Peru, or negroes, as in Brazil. Thus the white population increased very slowly, and it continued to be thinly dispersed over a wide area. According to Mr. Akers's figures, three-fourths of the population of Peru, for instance, is Indian, while most of the remainder is of mixed race; Bolivia has only 250,000 whites, as against 1,250,000 Indians, one-fifth of whom are entirely uncivilized, and 500,000 half-breeds; while in Ecuador the Spanish element is only 7 per cent. of the total population, and the number of inhabitants to the square mile is only 1.5. In Chile it is about 9; in Bolivia about 3.5. Through foreign and civil wars, Peru is believed to have now only about half the inhabitants she had in 1876. It is partly a cause and partly a consequence of these physical and social conditions that culture and education have remained at a low level. Even the elements of culture are confined to the European element, and in most States to a small minority of that element. Lying far from Europe and from the United States, these countries have felt only slightly those impulses to progress which have worked powerfully upon civilized peoples.

One fruit of civilization, however, they have reaped, viz., the possession of modern military weapons. They have been engaged in almost constant wars. Some of them have, like Paraguay, been chiefly occupied in foreign strife; some, like Ecuador, Uruguay, and Columbia, in intestine; some, like Chile and Peru, in both. They have raised in Europe large loans for the purpose of buying arms, ammunition, and iron-clad vessels; and have in many cases made default in payment of interest on these loans. The fate of an insurrection has usually been decided less by the valor or cowardice of the combatants—and these Spanish Americans often show considerable valor—than by the supply of ammunition which one or other of the contending parties possesses. Scarcely any of them seems to have advanced far enough to be able to manufacture its own guns; none certainly can build its own ironclads or make its own torpedoes. The sums expended in the great war of Chile against Peru and Bolivia and by the two factions in Chile, in the struggle caused by the ambition of Balmaceda when he tried to establish a dictatorship, would have been sufficient to provide these three countries with the railways and roads which they now so greatly need.

Of all the republics described by Mr. Akers, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Colombia seem to be at present the most backward and barbarous, and Brazil that in which the white population, no doubt much mixed with negro blood, has sunk to the lowest moral level. What he says of Colombia seems to be equally true of several other States:

"The present-day insurgents of Colombia are not far removed from brigands, and the political character given to revolutions is generally a cloak to cover illegal forms of pillage and rapine. It is from such elements that political adventurers of one or other party factions, striving to control the administration, draw elements for armed revolt against the authorities; and the rank and file of the men who enter the contest know little and care less about the merits of the cause. It is convenient for them to maintain the fiction that they are engaged in this or that struggle from patriotic motives, rather than be classified as robbers and outlaws, and this spirit makes armed insurrection easy in Colombia. Nor does any punishment follow an unsuccesstul rebellion. Property is seldom confiscated, treason is rarely made an offence demanding severe castigation, participation in seditious conspiracies entails no loss of civic rights; this immunity being probably due to the fact that the individual privileges of citizens are so mythical as to be thought little of where respect for law and order is practically unknown. In this part of South America the general conditions more closely resemble the early Middle Ages in Europe than anything in modern civilization; the injured must seek redress by the sword, or bear without remonstrance all indignities heaped upon them" (p. 602).

In one State at least it is expressly provided that people are not to be punished for taking part in insurrections, the notion in fact being that insurrection is a regular part of the machinery of public life, which may as well be recognized. It is needless to say that the Government actually in power at any given moment has no moral presumption in its favor. It is the child of revolution, and a revolution to overthrow it is therefore just as likely to have good grounds as had the revolution which installed it. Similarly, the constitutions of some Central American States provide that the force and validity of a constitution shall not be affected by the fact that a revolution has occurred: It is to go on without needing to be reënacted. Revolution is part of the normal machinery of politics.

One feature seems to be common to all these States, the want of honor and purity in the judiciary. Of Peru, Mr. Akers writes (p. 536):

"The administration of justice in Peru could not be more unsatisfactory than it is, and to designate as justice the manner in which the laws are administered is to convey an erroneous impression. To obtain a favorable verdict, bribery must be practised; and it is a question of who has the longest purse when a decision is reached. To this widely sweeping assertion there are no exceptions, the Supreme Court being no cleaner than the lower tribunals: it differs only in that payment must be on a higher scale. An example of the existing conditions occurred recently, when an important suit involving 250,000 gold dollars was pending in the Supreme Court. On the bench were five judges, and the evidence on one side was clear and concise, leaving no doubt of the rights of the case. A few days before judgment was delivered, the principal litigant received information that an adverse verdict would be given unless a bribe was forthcoming, and, not having the necessary funds, he applied to a banker for an advance of 10,000 gold dollars to buy a third vote, explaining that he had secured two others. The loan was obtained, and, after a favorable judgment was pronounced, the 10,000 dollars were paid to the member casting the deciding vote. In this case a just verdict was bought, but it happens quite as often that injustice is obtained by similar means.

"The judicial officials are, as a rule, too ignorant to turn to best use the legal power entrusted to them. They are so inadequately remunerated that they are tempted to corrupt practices at every turn, and it is due to these circumstances that blackmailing has become so common. No redress can be obtained as affairs are conducted to-day, and the most hopeless feature of the situation is that the ordinary citizen does not appreciate the necessity for an impartial administration of justice. He has a vague idea that there are such persons as honest judges in other parts of the world, but he is not sure that an upright judiciary in Peru would be an unmitigated blessing."

Under such conditions, it does not surprise us to be told that elections are hardly ever, if ever, honestly conducted. There does not seem to be a single South American State in which the courts can be trusted, though they are not everywhere quite so bad as in Peru; and there is hardly a State in which Governmental influence may

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not be expected to manipulate the elections so as to secure a majority for its own candidates. This is another reason why Presidents and governments lack moral authority. Even if they have not secured their power by force, they have probably secured it by fraud, so insurrection becomes the natural expedient of the unsuccessful party.

Nevertheless, it would be an error to assume that all these republics stand equally low, or that signs of improvement are wholly wanting. Chile has generally borne a good character in the financial world for the discharge of pecuniary obligations, and her people, less mixed with native Indians or with negroes than those of the other republics, have shown more capacity than any others for working Constitutional government. Mr. Akers, however, takes a sombre view of the present condition of that country. Her success in war, while it has made her people blustering and aggressive, has turned them away from agricultural industry, which is now declining. Brigandage is rife, and the mass of the population are wretchedly poor. Argentina shows more distinct signs of progress. No country suffered under a more brutal tyranny than she did under Rosas, who was overthrown and expelled in 1852. But since the election of President Sarmiento in 1868 there has been an unmistakable upward movement, often interrupted, but subsequently resumed. This is largely due to the vast immigration into the country of Italians and of colonists, mostly Basques from Old Spain, to the construction of railways and the development of agriculture, and to the influence exerted by the European capitalists and merchants who have acquired interests in Argentina or do business there. Of late years the material growth of the country has been rapid. It now exports immense quantities of grain, hides, meat, and wool. The population, which was in 1869 only 1,800,000, has now risen to more than 4,000,000; yet even this number gives only about 3.5 persons to the square mile, so the field for further settlement is still very wide. The people seem to be somewhat more enlightened than in the Pacific States, and the Roman Catholic Church is not so powerful a factor in politics as it is in Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. The temperate climate of Argentina and Chile has been much to their benefit—in the former by attracting European immigrants, in the latter by enabling a peasantry of European stock to pursue agriculture and other industries without depending upon Indian or negro labor. The presence of the negro is a serious factor in Brazil, for, of the 14,500,000 inhabitants, only 5,000,000 are whites, and even among these the infusion of negro blood has been sufficient to affect the character of the white race, there being among the Portuguese no such aversion to intermarriage with colored people as the Teutonic nations evince. Elsewhere the black population is relatively small.

Despite the improvement visible in Argentina and the great possibilities of economic development which the minerals of Bolivia, Peru, and Chile hold out, the impression left by Mr. Akers's review of the existing conditions of the South American States is anything but cheerful. It would almost seem as if the impulse towards progress must come from without to all these mixed races, for except in Chile and parts of Argentina there appear to be comparatively few pure Spaniards. European immigration or the influence of European capital, since direct control by any foreign power is for the present improbable, seems likely to prove the most stimulative influence. This influence might most easily come from the United States, but Mr. Akers thinks (p. 601, p. 655) that recent occurrences at Panama have alarmed the Spanish republics, and for the moment checked their disposition to look to Washington for encouragement and guidance. It is to be hoped that this will prove a passing sentiment, for the United States could do more for Northern South America than can any other people.

In closing we may specify a few shortcomings in Mr. Akers's survey. The two pages dedicated to the brief revolutionary disturbance of 1898-99 in Bolivia might well have been omitted. The statement (p. 533) that alcoholism threatens to bring about the depopulation of Peru evinces a pardonable want of acquaintance with the Peruvian people as a whole. Those of the coast are not at all addicted to drunkenness; in the highlands, the Indians are repulsive inebriates, and were more so before the Conquest, and our author should have made a marked distinction on this point. That Mr. Alfred St. John, British Consul at Callao, should have "arranged a suspension of hostilities" between the forces of Cáceres and Piérola on March 19, 1895, will be news to those who know something about events that terminated the civil war in 1894-95 in Peru. There was a British *Minister* at Lima *at the time*. The suspension of hostilities was due to the personal efforts of the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Giuseppe Macchi, with the backing, of course, of such other members of the diplomatic corps as were then at Lima.

WENDELL'S SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature. By Barrett Wendell. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

In this volume, which contains the Clark lectures given by Mr. Wendell at Trinity College, Cambridge, a tactful humor is displayed alike in the choice of a subject and in the handling of it. By the terms of the bequest, a lecturer upon this foundation is constrained to select for his course some period of English literature. Mr. Wendell, as readers of that most suggestive and unconvincing book, his 'Literary History of America,' know, has one pet particular thesis—the notion that Elizabethan literature in England was "spontaneous, enthusiastic, and versatile," that America and American literature take their origins in Elizabethan England, and that, while the temper of English writing has changed vastly since the parting of the ways, American literature has shown spontaneity, enthusiasm, and versatility to the end. He therefore chose for consideration with his British audience that period of English literature in which its modern British mood came into being, and so, implicitly and by indirection, endeavored to expound and justify American letters in "the Old Home."

The strength of Mr. Wendell's method is more, and the weakness of it less, apparent here than in the earlier work. That method is, in brief, intuition, deduction, iteration. There the intuition was but of a half-truth, the deduction not always sustained by fact, and the iteration sometimes cloying; here the case is rather different. No one will deny that Elizabethan life *was* "integral," and its expression in literature "spontaneous, enthusiastic, and versatile" in a sense that English life and expression were not in Jacobean or Caroline days, so that here Mr. Wendell's intuition is unquestionably correct. It chances, furthermore, that the path to be followed in deducing the growth of the conservative "John Bull" temper from English literature of the seventeenth century had been ably blazed by Mr. Dowden in his 'Anglican and Puritan,' by Mr. Gosse (upon the more external side and with some false lights) in his 'From Shakespeare to Pope,' and by many other trailsmen. In his main line of deduction, then, Mr. Wendell is in touch with the best recent scholarship, though he shows an individuality of thought and an amount of the fundamental mind-work of criticism that is stimulating and provocative. Finally, though the old trick of iteration is still here, and we have an artificially close texture of style depending upon the numerous appearance of our old friends, "spontaneity," "enthusiasm," and "versatility" in all manner of adverbial and adjectival permutations and combinations, still the writing is relatively simple and sincere. We could, however, wish away certain disagreeable and unrelenting mannerisms like "so an end," "speed on," "the while."

Mr. Wendell's scholarship, too, is here seen to excellent advantage. It is, in the main, vernacular rather than cosmopolitan and comparative, and we think that his argument might have gained in cogency and truth at many points from the consideration of connected phenomena in the other literatures of Europe; but within its limits it is unassuming, fine and sound. He deals primarily, indeed almost wholly, with the chief and principal things in seventeenth-century writing. His concern is with "the most significant literature," which, as he defines it, is "that which the spontaneous selection of posterity has kept alive from generation to generation." Here, again, the argument might have gained in full and varied truth from a more minute knowledge of the minor men who go to give an age its color, yet whom posterity does not care to keep alive; but in that way, as Professor Masson showed us long ago, danger lies for the seventeenth-centuryist. With the significant literature that here chiefly concerns him, Mr. Wendell has a nice familiarity, and in the field of his special studies, as in the admirable chapter on Puritanism, he writes with specially informed judiciousness.

This is enough as to Mr. Wendell's occasion, method, and scholarship. The course of his inquiry is, briefly, this: the quality of Elizabethan literature being what we have seen it, what were the stages through which the temper of the century passed in the evolution of the English mind as we know it? After tracing the disintegration of the drama, the divergence and decadence of the schools of Spenser, Jonson and Donne, the growth of a deliberate and self-conscious prose, Mr. Wendell sums up the first half of his century as

"a period when the elder integral temper

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—with its spontaneity, its enthusiasm and its versatility—swiftly disintegrated; a period, too, when this process of disintegration tended to produce writers who seem increasingly self-conscious, and consequently more and more deliberate; and that, so far as its later manifestations reach the lasting dignity of literature, they reach it not because they express, like Elizabethan literature, a comprehensive national temper, but rather because, more subtly than that elder literature, they express the individual experience of men, mostly given to ideal philosophy, who sought, or who were driven into, personal isolation."

This brings him down to the age of Puritanism and to Milton, the supreme example of the ideal philosophy as well as of the personal isolation characteristic of his age. The progress thence toward a reintegration of the national mood in the new "tenacious," practical temper of Dryden and his followers is easily traced in the single concluding chapter, which was all that the scheme of Mr. Wendell's occasions allowed him. No one who knows well the seventeenth century, with its wayward transitions, its bewilderingly multitudinous survivals of elder times, its inexhaustible fertility in the seeds of future growth, its deep and varied humanity, is likely to go all the way with so pretty a demonstration. It is too good to be quite true. It is, however, an uncommonly lucid and helpful summation of a very tangled and tenebrous matter.

Mr. Wendell's criticism of the separate authors within his province is necessarily partial and sometimes even *parti-pris*, being subordinated to the establishing of his thesis; yet we imagine that it is in certain of these passages that many readers will find him most satisfactory and memorable. As a critic Mr. Wendell is at best in dealing with literature as a fine-art, objectively yet very individually. Here again his method is one of intuition, of the sudden phrase-born illumination which may or may not coincide with the whole truth, rather than of cautious-footed induction. At times, however, this method reaches a felicity that approaches finality. Our space will not suffer us to quote what is perhaps the most convincing single passage in the book—that in which Mr. Wendell elucidates the notably visual bent of Ben Jonson's imagination, and proceeds to show very finely how Jonson's plays are, as many of us have felt, not dramatic, but *pictorial*. No better passage can be selected to show Mr. Wendell's quality as a critic than that in which, after quoting the familiar passage in 'Paradise Lost' describing Eden, beginning,

"Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balms,"

he comments upon it thus:

"Try to visualize that landscape, and you will be more ingenious than I if you can make it take much other form than you may see in the background of some Bolognese picture of Diana and her nymphs. Fancy, if you can, some sculptured Miltonic Adam or Satan; and see whether the form is not strangely like those colossally distorted ones which the Italians made in Bernini's time and after. Try to translate Milton's Eve into terms of painting, and tell yourself truly whether you can make those terms differ much from the manner we now think decadently artificial on the canvases of Guido Reni or of the Caracci. When I said all this to the friend who chanced to be with me, he waxed a little warm, for he was accustomed to reverence Milton, and thought me almost blasphemous. Nothing could have been further from my purpose. What impressed me most was not that Milton thus showed how in life, like every other wholesome man, he was himself a man of the days when he walked the earth. It was rather that the grave, austere earnestness of his mastered purpose surged so supremely strong. Amid his century of artifice and of cultured affectation, he was thus able, without disdaining contemporary terms, to make a supremely noble poem. In reverent admiration of its nobility one no more stops to remark its artifices than one stops to remember its origins."

This, as Mr. Wendell concedes, is a kind of personal imaginative association that is not very closely allied to law-giving criticism. For ourselves, while we see Milton's Adam a majestic and clear-lined figure that no Bernini could ever have conceived, and Eve of an ivory and golden beauty that Guido Reni himself could not have compassed, we are as amply convinced by the analogy in landscape at the beginning of the paragraph as we are satisfied with the sound Miltonic appreciation at its end. It is this union of sensitiveness to qualify with ready and deep admiration for what is formally great in literature, rather than any trick of style, that makes Mr. Wendell's best passages so individual and telling.

In points of detail the book is, of course, of the most capable workmanship, though the finger of the devil that discomposes type is to be seen in several places, and there is at least one misquotation, on page 147, where Herrick is made to say,

"And *then*, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter."

FIVE NOVELS.

His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock. By H. S. Huntington. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Wolverine. By Albert Lathrop Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Diane. By Katharine Holland Brown. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dialstone Lane. By W. W. Jacobs. Scribners.

Painted Shadows. By Richard Le Gallienne. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

In the days when Britannia unquestionably ruled the wave, when the mariners of England really earned all the credit they have got in song and story, no little adventure more clearly proved their mettle than the occupation and defence of Diamond Rock, the rock that rises six hundred feet from the sea, guarding the port of Fort-de-France in the Island of Martinique. It is wonderful that the incident has so long escaped an army of scribblers running to and fro upon the earth nosing about for material, but it is also well, because many would certainly have done it hastily and badly, and few indeed so carefully as has Mr. Huntington. The explanation of such escape may possibly lie in the fact that the material is very hard to get at, for the life of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who commanded the Barbadoes squadron in 1803 has never been fully written, and to get his information and assimilate it so well Mr. Huntington must have had to do more reading and reflecting than running about. His personal familiarity with the scene of his story is shown in detail that could not be grasped by a hasty tripper.

Neither Admiral Hood nor any one known to history is the hero of 'His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock,' but Tommy Reeves, a midshipmite who entered the navy with the intention of doing great things, and who therfore got his share of the great things going in the early years of the nineteenth century. Tommy was pretty soon recognized as a boy of spirit and understanding, and when it was decided that Fort-de-France could not be effectively blockaded until Diamond Passage was commanded by guns placed on the Rock, he was of the small band chosen to scale its precipitous sides and plant the flag on the summit. From that moment he is marked as one born for action, thrilling, hazardous, and successful. The account of the establishment of guns and garrison on the Rock, and of its defence two years later and surrender to the French fleet when food and ammunition were exhausted, is excellent, both for description of the thing that was done and characterization of the men and boys who did it. It was an enterprise in which agile and audacious boys were particularly useful, and though Tommy's courage sometimes faltered, it never failed. As a popular hero he can hardly compete with the bad boys, the slangy boys, the cheap boys who pervade modern fiction, but no fellow-boy who reads his story will deny that he was a good fellow who well deserved his luck.

An ignorant or careless person may easily read the novel entitled 'The Wolverine' without receiving the faintest intimation of the significance of the title, but an attentive reader may learn that it is a descriptive or pet name for the State of Michigan. The events narrated take place in Detroit and thereabout, three-quarters of a century ago, before a tide of emigration flowing westward had absorbed the early French population and substituted customs and manners less pleasing and less picturesque than those of the descendants of La Mothe Cadillac and his little band of gentlemen adventurers. The author is full of information about the history of Michigan, and involves his lovers (a French girl and a New England youth) in squabbles over boundary delimitation, a negro insurrection, and a severe epidemic of cholera. Marie Beaucœur, his heroine, appears to have enjoyed a degree of liberty not often granted to the daughters of her people in the New World by a watchful paternal Church. She walked and talked, took "canoe rides," and waltzed flagrantly with strange young men. She even acted Rosalind in a performance given for a church charity and approved of by the parish priest. Such proceedings must have made a scandal in French society, and one wishes the author had told us what Father Richard's bishop said and did when its noise came to his ears. Our inference is that the author has drawn his French girl from a dimly lighted inner consciousness rather than from knowledge, general or particular. He is more successful with Perry North and his New England conscience, and in his case manages to suggest a soul's conflict. His book is a rather pathetic testimony to several kinds of inexperience, yet it does not exclude hope of better things in the future.

The French passion for ideas was perhaps never more heroically tested than by Étienne Cabet and several hundred of his compatriots when they crossed the sea in 1848 to found in America a commune—*Icarie*—which should convert into reality their

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ecstatic vision of a free, equal, and united society. The experiment, like most similar ventures, was a failure; a more pitiful, ghastly failure than others because it was undertaken with higher purposes, higher hopes, higher courage, and a more comprehensive ignorance of practical difficulties to be confronted. The story of 'Diane' is the story of this Icarian community on the verge of collapse and dispersion, after it had failed in Texas, failed in New Orleans, and had struggled through a few years of feeble existence beneath the shadow of the deserted Mormon temple at Nauvoo on the Mississippi. Diane is a maiden of noble birth, especially dear to Étienne Cabet because his people had served and loved her people in the days of their greatness before the Revolution and through succeeding years of disaster and comparative obscurity. Diane's gratitude to Cabet and fidelity in the hour of his humiliation form the principal emotional interest of the tale. The author shows familiarity and sympathy with the fundamental theories of Cabet and his associates, and offers a fairly philosophical explanation, by illustration, of the reasons why such theories never work. It is only for an enthusiastic moment that man really loves his fellow-man and is willing to embrace him, to die for him, even to work for him. Inevitably, the emotion passes, invariably the natural man asserts himself, and smashes a society founded on the maxim: "Nothing for oneself; all for all." Before the end comes, shocking things happen—shocking morally and physically—and many hearts are broken. Diane sees the tragedy of Icaria through to its bitter end.

There may be historical authority for the shrine built in the forest by Cabet, where he secretly worships the Christian God, and for the passionate confession that Diane overhears. If there is, Cabet's sincerity is seriously impugned thereby; and if there is not, the author hurts her story by diverting sympathy and destroying compassion for an apparently good man overwhelmed by misfortune.

With the drama of Icaria is interwoven the opening scenes of another drama, conducted by another group of idealists. The opponents of negro slavery in 1856 were stirred to activity by the passing of the Fugitive Slave act, and the agents of the "Underground Railroad" in the Border States had their hands full. Some neighbors of the Icarians are devoted to freeing the slave, and Diane's lover forsakes his people and his heart's desire to stand by John Brown in Kansas. The author has probably wished to point a contrast between two ideals of liberty and two methods of realization. Two "causes," however, overweight one novel, with the result that interest is divided, and neither cause is, so to speak, worked for all it is worth. The author's constructive faculty is not strong, and she certainly doesn't know where to stop. A few paragraphs would suffice for all that ought to be told after Cabet's death in St. Louis. But there are passion and understanding in the tale, things that come by nature, things unto which technical knowledge may be added hereafter.

'Dialstone Lane' is in Mr. Jacobs's best manner. It is the story of three landsmen who set out to look for a hidden treasure buried on an island in the South Seas. There, on a sandy beach carefully mapped on a chart that has fallen into their hands, lies, as they have been assured, the skeleton of a Spanish adventurer, and beneath it a bag of precious stones worth half a million. The adventures of the trio, who are marooned by their crew, are humorous and improbable. But though the story depends for its main incident on this crazy expedition, it is not to be classed as a desperate tale of adventure. The reader is more interested in those who stay at home in Dialstone Lane. The Lane is the home of a retired sea captain named Bowers, who combines a talent for narrative with a remarkably picturesque imagination. Into the mingled yarn of his novel Mr. Jacobs has interwoven the love-story of the Captain's niece, the experiences of his man-of-all-work, Joseph, the ex-steward, and the manners and customs of a little country town, apparently in Suffolk, which lies far enough inland to attract a retired mariner, but not too remote from the influences of a neighboring seaport. The book is admirably illustrated by Mr. W. Owen.

'Painted Shadows' is the title of a collection of short stories and allegories by Mr. Le Gallienne. His heroes are, as usual, persons of artistic temperament who recite very poor sentimental verse which is not inspired by their wives. Mr. Le Gallienne is a master of the domestic-sensual style, and only the sheer unreality of his characters saves them from being completely offensive. Nearly all the stories turn on the sentimental histories of men and women born for each other in some mysterious sense that makes introduction (they always meet in drawing-rooms at evening receptions) seem an impertinence: "Fancy Mrs. Pottle thinking it necessary to introduce us," says the violinist to one of the heroines, a matron of forty, whom he invites to elope with him in "a chariot of fire." "It was Mrs. Williamson's, and no more august stage, that those higher Powers had chosen for our meeting-place," says another hero of the same type; "but . . . as some village stable is suddenly visited by angels to become forever a shrine for all the world, with a like significance I sometimes say to myself—'Mrs. Williamson's!'" The whole book is written in the hysterical style that the author mistakes for poetic prose. As we have seen in the passage quoted above, nothing is too sacred to be dragged in as an analogy for sentimental situations, and Mr. Le Gallienne's single idea of a sentimental situation is one in which a poet or artist finds his "inspiration" in the wife of another. It is a morbid mania with Mr. Le Gallienne, this idealization of sham passion and caprice, and it is not redeemed by a certain prettiness of expression which imposes on some of his readers as prose poetry: "The Rose was coming over the sea, and my heart wondered: Shall we ever meet? One of those mysterious voices of the soul which are deeper than reason whispered that nothing could prevent our meeting. . . . Yes! The Rose and I would surely meet. . . . No, if we were to meet at all, Fate, and not I, must arrange the meeting." There is not a page in the volume from which one could not select a passage equally mawkish.

Routine and Ideals. By Le Baron Russell Briggs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The papers collected in this volume consist in part of college and school addresses, some of which have been published before. These, with the other essays, however, make what is substantially a new book. The author has added his "Mater Fortissima," the Cambridge Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1903, one of the successes of the dinner of that year.

Dean Briggs has covered so much ground that it is difficult to give in a few words the thesis of his little volume. He calls it in his preface a collection of sermons, or a single sermon, of which the twofold text is, "Be thou faithful unto death," and "Where there is no vision the people perish." But we doubt whether either the idea of fidelity or constancy or even routine exactly expresses what half his sermon has in view. Drill, discipline, the formation of habits—the importance of these is what he wishes to enforce. Mr. Briggs insists that one-half of education, probably the most necessary part, is the training of the will, which is attained only through this formation of habits got solely by self-denial, discipline, and drill, at the end of which the wise find routine their best servant. This view seems, of course, opposed to the current opinion that the true way to educate is to proceed in the direction of the least resistance—to lead the child to knowledge by making it easy for him; but we take it that Dean Briggs would hold neither view wholly wrong. The child should not spend years in learning a quantity of half-understood rules—of grammar, for instance—but should be led into a language by interest in its literature, by its actual use in conversation. On the other hand, what he undertakes to learn he should master, and there is no mastery without drill and discipline. He is not to half-know anything, and consequently his memory must be in constant training, and his habit of application and retention constantly improving. This drill cannot be made easy, but the subject for which the sacrifice of the drill is to be made can be rendered interesting. The old way was to spend years on drill without paying any attention to the fact that drill alone is necessarily repulsive. The true modern way is to make the pupil feel that drill is a means to an end, which he is gradually made to feel is desirable. What Dean Briggs protests against is that slovenly abuse of the true principle which in many quarters is leading to an attempt to do without drill and routine altogether. The effect of this is to destroy the sense of responsibility, and to make it harder and harder for the young to confront and overcome difficulties. It makes education, instead of a blessing, a heritage of woe.

All this part of the book is for the old, for those who educate and devise systems of education; the rest is for the young. All of it will be found instructive, and much entertaining. It touches upon the relation of instructor and pupil, so changed from what it was even a generation ago; upon the code of morality prevailing among those *in statu pupillari*, so different at some points from our mature ethics; upon the ideal which the young man should have before him. This is familiar ground. It is pleasant to feel that here at least the

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youngster of to-day is nearer to us than we often think. The ideas of the author of 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' of old Col. Newcome about his boy Clive, were not very different from those which Dean Briggs would expect to find in a modern father, and the dean's boy, or freshman, is his father's own son. At Harvard, it would seem, there is a sort of blending of American and English ideals, reflected elsewhere in the transformation effected in the "crack" schools in the last thirty years, which represents progress in some directions, and in others a reversion to more conservative aims.

Classical Echoes in Tennyson. By Wilfred P. Mustard, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in Haverford College. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The impression made by this little book, which is undoubtedly a labor of love, is not in all respects pleasant. Tennyson's indebtedness, both for thoughts and expressions, to the Greek and Roman classics is obvious even to his superficial readers. Professor Mustard has undertaken to hunt out and set down every passage which can be called a copy, an imitation, a reminiscence, a hint, a parallel, or a coincidence, in the entire works of Tennyson, to anything in the whole range of classic literature from Homer to St. Augustine. He is obliged to admit that many of these likenesses are shadowy and conjectural. He quotes from Lord Tennyson's Memoir not only his expressions of annoyance when such things were exploited without due warrant, but his assertions as to the real sources of expressions boldly referred to classic models. Yet he persists in a work which in its most important results is not needed, and in its slighter inferences almost impertinent. The book reminds one of a hard word in "Love's Labor Lost," act iv., where Armado proposes to "annothanize" *veni, vidi, vici.* Many editors think this word equivalent to *annotate;* others change it to *anatomize.* Professor Mustard has sought to annotate his favorite; he has really anatomized him. Such love is like that of Mrs. Gamp for her fellow-creatures, who was willing, if she could afford it, to lay them all out for nothing. It is to be feared Tennyson would have received it with more growls than smiles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Besant, Annie. A Study in Consciousness. John Lane. $1.50.
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Carr, Clark E. The Illini. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Early Italian Poets. Translated by D. G. Rossetti. Caxton Thin Paper. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Ferree, Barr. American Estates and Gardens. New York: Munn & Co.
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